

MASSEY-HARRIS.



WON
IN
WESTERN
CANADA.
BY
MACDONALD OXLEY BULL





098w

MASSEY-HARRIS Co.

LIMITED

Manufactures a most complete line of Agricultural Imple-
ments—everything needed in the field from the time of
opening the furrow to the garnering of the harvest.

The MASSEY-HARRIS Products include :

GRAIN BINDERS, in all widths of cut.

GRAIN HARVESTERS.

CORN HARVESTERS.

MOWERS for one and two horses—various styles and widths.

RAKES—many kinds and sizes.

TEDDERS—entirely of steel.

STRAW and FEED CUTTERS and PULPERS.

DRILLS of all kinds.

SEEDERS and SOWERS.

HARROWS—numerous styles and widths.

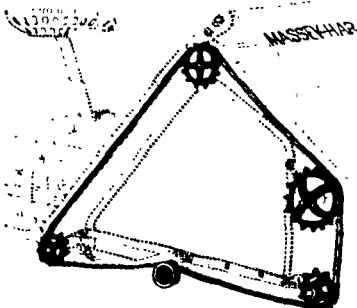
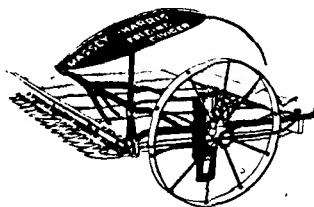
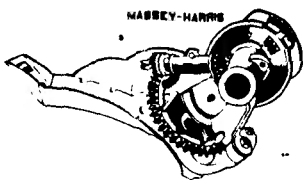
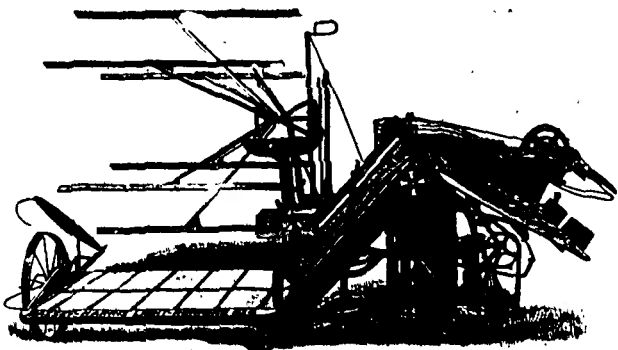
✚ ALL BUILT IN CANADA BY CANADIAN WORKMEN ✚



69.7.14/1

MASSEY-HARRIS BINDER

THE MONARCH OF THE HARVEST FIELD



MASSEY-HARRIS

New No. 4 Binder.

The work of this Binder in the harvest of 1902 has placed it far beyond and infinitely superior to all others. Farmers everywhere have expressed their great satisfaction and claim that no other binder equals it. The machine itself seemed to be imbued with the enthusiasm of its makers and users, so excellent was its work.

This Binder can be supplied in the following widths of cut :

5-foot, 6-foot and 7-foot.

The Massey-Harris Transport Truck, which is furnished on order, is simple, strong, and can be loaded very quickly.

Sheaf Carriers, of most approved type, can be supplied when required.

The Prominent Features of the Massey-Harris Binder include :

Folding Dividers inside and outside.

Steel Plates behind Knives on Cutter Bar to lessen wear.

Roller and Ball Bearings throughout.

Four Sprockets Only for Elevator Chain.

Revolving Idler for Elevator Chain.

Floating Elevators, jointed front and rear. No bunching or chocking. Everything on the table passes up the Elevators freely.

Cutter Bar can be tilted to cut as close to the ground as a mower bar.

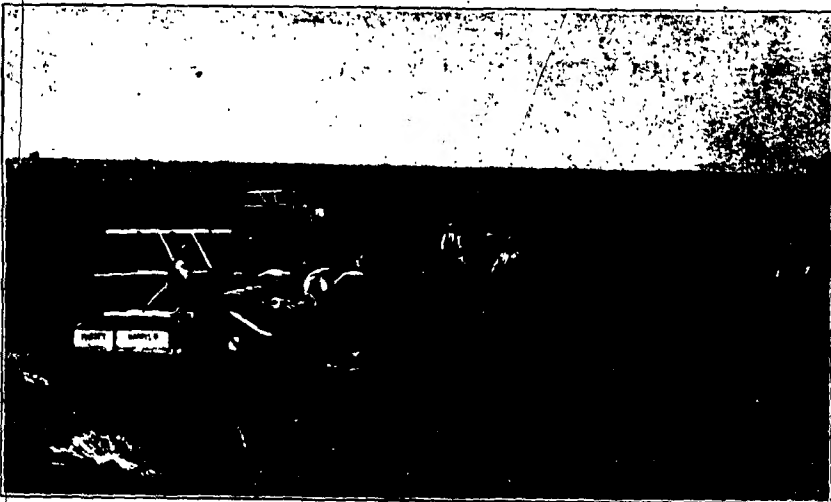
Reel is the most up-to-date—will handle any kind of grain, under any and all conditions.

**MASSEY-HARRIS FAME IN THE
.... CANADIAN NORTHWEST....**



**Massey-Harris Binder at Work on the Brandon
Experimental Farm.**

NOTE.—Specially adapted to handle the very long and tangled crops usually grown on this farm.



**Massey-Harris Binder (7 ft. cut) at Work on Farm of
Thomas Buck, near Killarney, Manitoba.**

It averaged 21 acres per day during the harvest, without a stop for repairs.

Massey-Harris No. 4 Binder.



Massey-Harris Binders on Mr. Badley's Farm, near Regina, N.W.T.
The Binder in the lead is fourteen years old. Mr. Badley has 20,000 bushels this year.

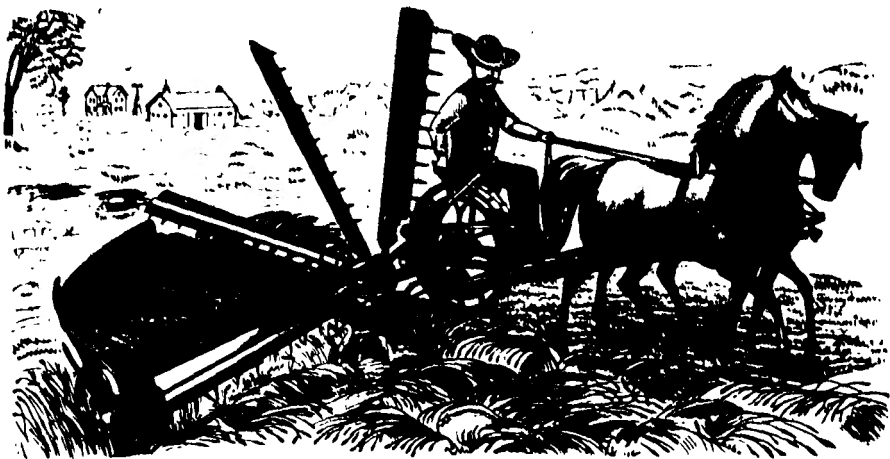


Massey-Harris Binders on Farm of Mr. Jos. Hillis, near Brandon, Manitoba.
Mr. Hillis has bought five Massey-Harris Binders in the last two years.



Massey-Harris Binders on Farm of Mr. D. McKellar, near Brandon, Manitoba.
The three Binders shown have cut eleven, eight and five crops respectively.

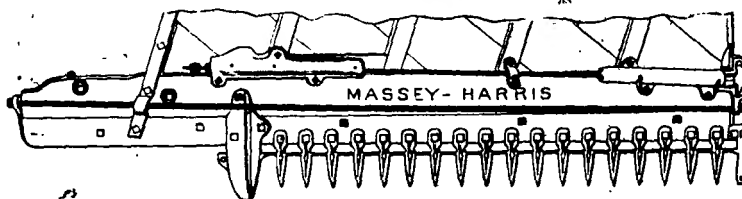
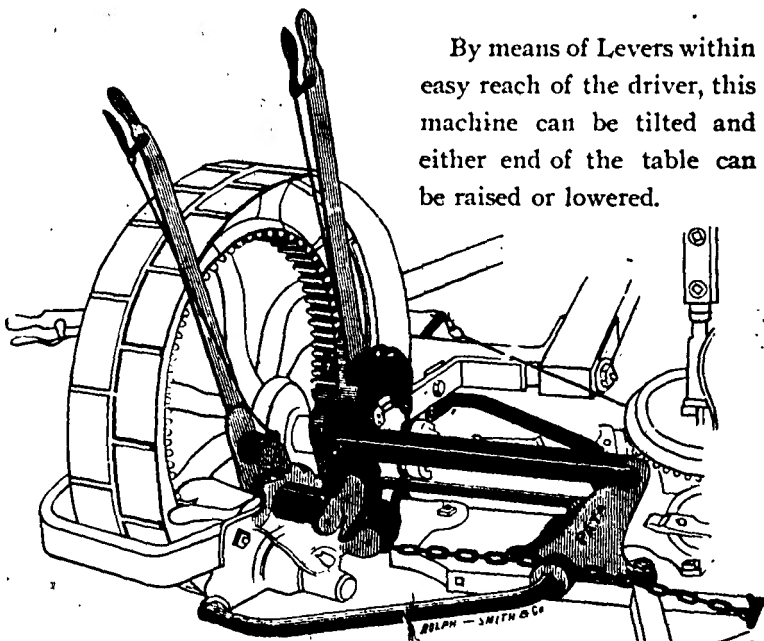
THE MASSEY HARVESTER, 4½ and 5 Ft. Cut.



The Lightest and Best ever Built.

By means of Levers within easy reach of the driver, this machine can be tilted and either end of the table can be raised or lowered.

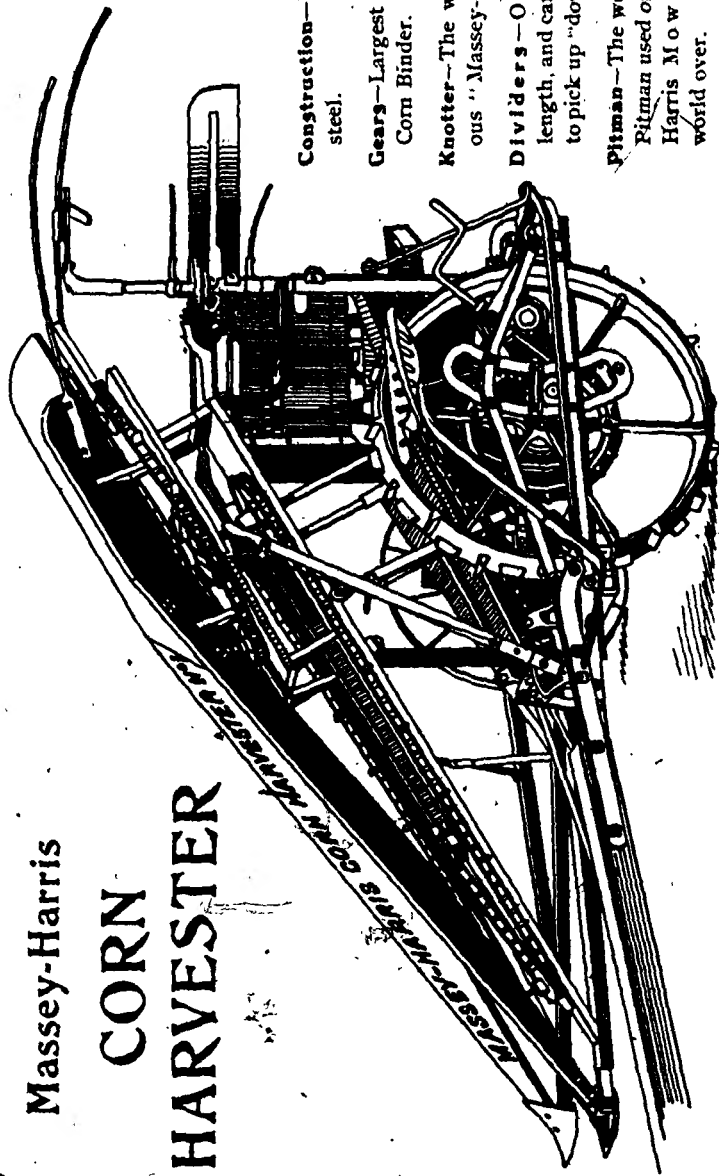
*New Bail
Supports
and
Lever
Attachments
on the
Massey
Harvester.*



*Truss Rod
for Harvester
Table.*

A splendid feature on this machine is the adjustable truss to keep the table from sagging.

Massey-Harris CORN HARVESTER



Construction—Frame all steel.

Gears—Largest on any Corn Binder.

Knotter—The world-famous "Massey-Harris."

Dividers—Of ample length, and can be tilted to pick up "down" corn.

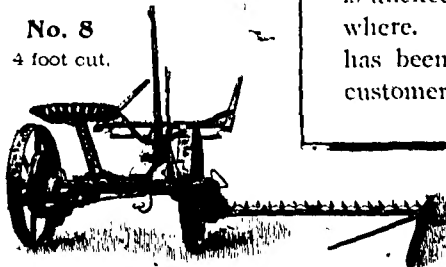
Pitman—The well-known Pitman used on Massey-Harris Mowers the world over.

Adjustments—The Feeding Chains can be quickly adjusted as desired, so as to handle heavy, light or leaning corn.
Sheaf Carrier—Supplied as an extra when ordered.

MASSEY-HARRIS

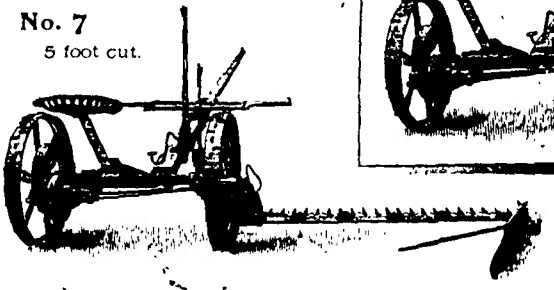
The record of the past season has proved conclusively that the Massey-Harris line of Mowers is unexcelled by any made anywhere. "Perfect satisfaction" has been the verdict of every customer.

No. 8
4 foot cut.

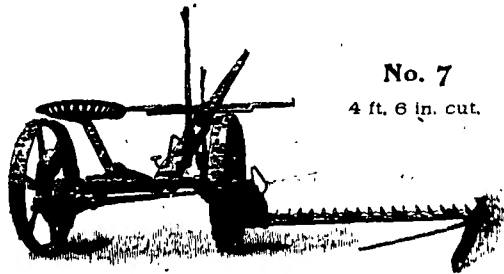


MOWERS

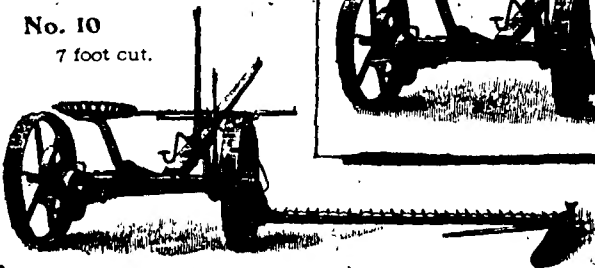
No. 7
5 foot cut.



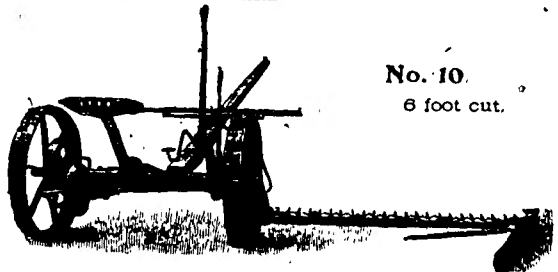
No. 7
4 ft. 6 in. cut.



No. 10
7 foot cut.



No. 10
6 foot cut.



MASSEY-HARRIS

VERTICAL LIFT

MOWERS.

The new line of Massey-Harris Mowers is most complete and exhaustive. It embraces styles and sizes adapted to every variety of grass cutting, whether in clover fields, meadows, orchards, lowlands or on hillsides—in fact for every area, large or small.

The following is the list of numbers and sizes—

No. 8—One-Horse, 14 Sections, cutting 3 ft. 6 in. wide.

No. 8—One-Horse, 16 Sections, cutting 4 ft. wide.

No. 7—Two-Horse, 18 Sections, cutting 4 ft. 6 in. wide.

No. 7—Two-Horse, 20 Sections, cutting 5 ft. wide.

No. 10—Two-Horse, 24 Sections, cutting 6 ft. wide.

No. 10—Two-Horse, 28 Sections, cutting 7 ft. wide.

The most popular widths of cut are 4, 5, and 6 ft.

The Gearing on all Massey-Harris Mowers is very powerful—powerful gearing makes easy cutting. All gears are enclosed, but easy of access.

The Pitman on Massey-Harris Mowers is the best possible. The Rod is of cold-drawn seamless steel tubing. The Head is adjustable, lined with removable brass bushings, and fitted with capacious oil reservoirs. There is nothing to equal it.

The Cutting Apparatus is superb. Cold Rolled Finger Bar, Steel faced Malleable Fingers, and the celebrated Massey-Harris soft-centre hardened-edge Steel Sections.

The Range of Tilt is excellent and permits of the Cutting Bar being set at many different angles.

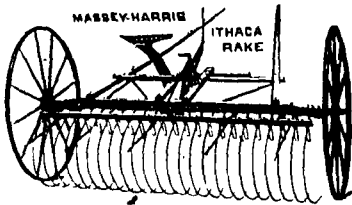
The Frame is strong and rigid. The Wheels are broad-faced and high, and are fitted with centre lugs to prevent slipping.

The Whiffletrees on the two-horse Mowers can be set either above or below the poles.

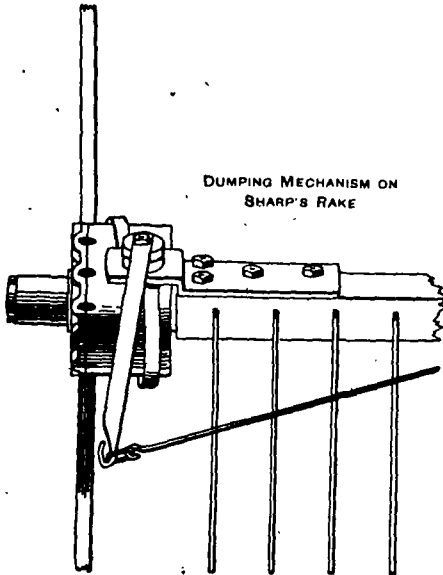
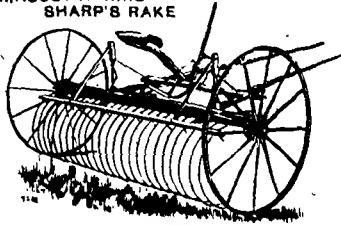
**THE WHOLE LINE IS COMPLETE AND
EACH MOWER PERFECT IN ITS CLASS**

MASSEY- HARRIS

RAKES & TEDDER



MASSEY-HARRIS
SHARP'S RAKE



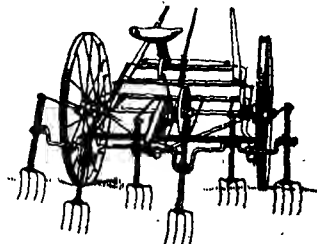
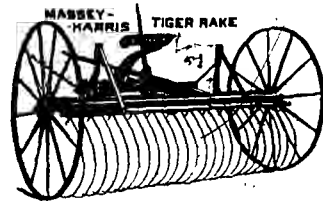
DUMPING MECHANISM ON
SHARP'S RAKE

The Massey-Harris line of Rakes comprises three different and distinct types.

The farmer has a variety to choose from.

Each and every one is made by Canadian workmen in the immense plant of Massey-Harris Company, Limited.

The Massey-Harris Tedder is known throughout the world and used on the best farms.



MASSEY-HARRIS HAY TEDDER

MASSEY-HARRIS RAKES and TEDDER

The Massey-Harris New Ithaca Rake

is a model which was placed on the market last year for the first time. It has proved to be a very popular type with the farmers of the Maritime Provinces.

The Spring Lift makes the work of the operator a pleasure. In fact one frequently sees the Ithaca being driven by the youngsters on the farms.

The Ithaca has 24 teeth and is made in two sizes, known as narrow width and standard width respectively—the difference being in the spacing of the teeth.

The Massey-Harris Sharp's Rake

is so well known to Canadian farmers that it would be wasting space to say much in regard to it.

It is used on thousands of the finest farms in the world.

It can be supplied with either wood or steel wheels.

The 24-tooth Sharp's Rake is the size most generally used.

The detail cut on the opposite page shows the Friction Dump.

The Massey-Harris Tiger Rake

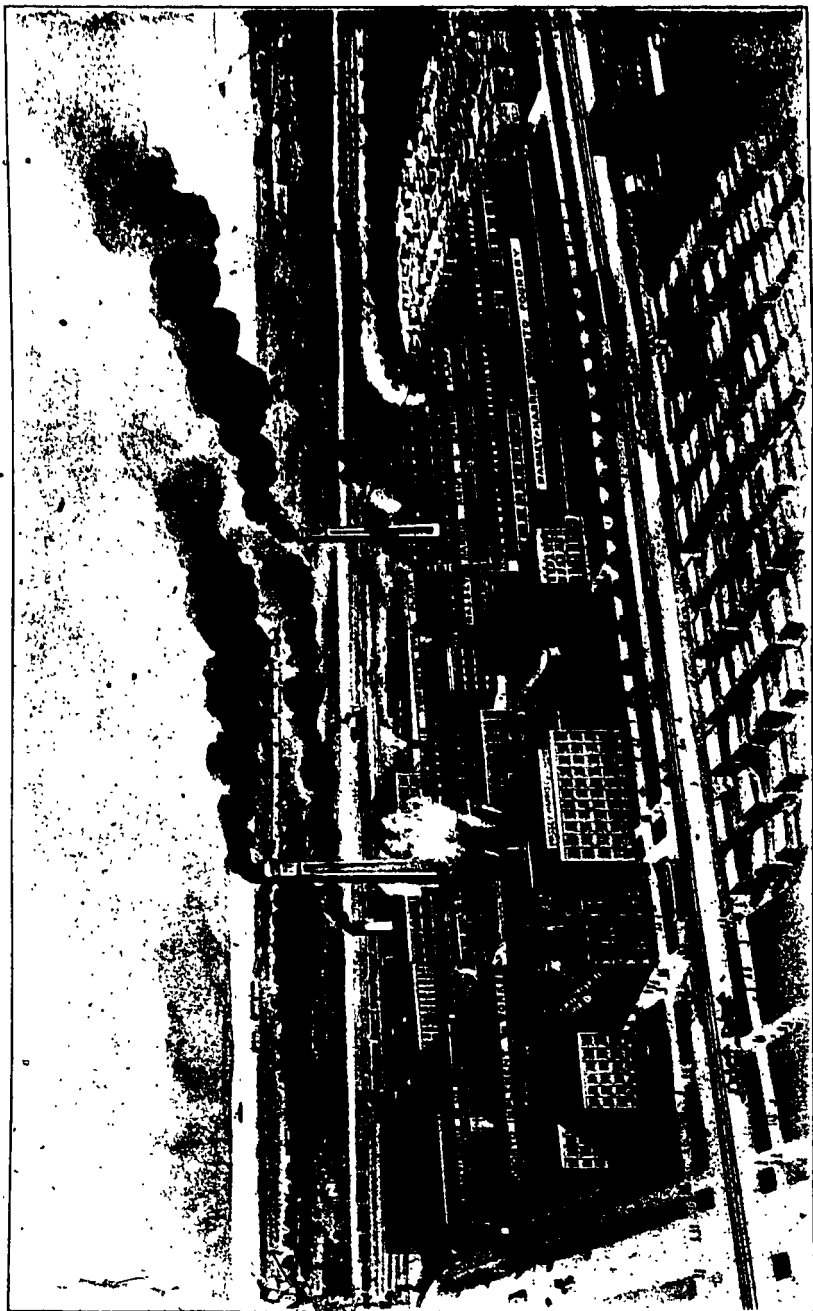
is equipped with either wood or steel wheels as ordered.

The dump is effected by a ratchet in the centre of the implement.

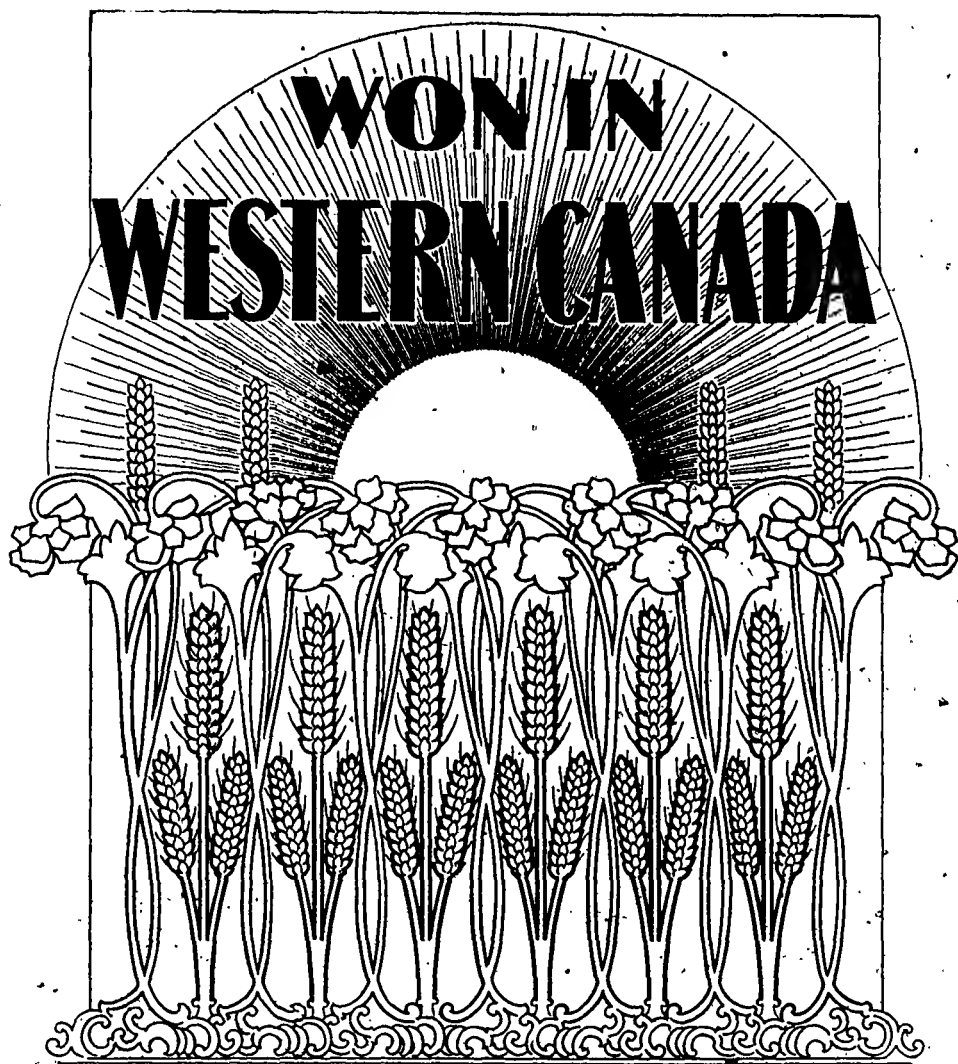
Pawl Dogs at either wheel cause dumping to be governed by wheel travelling the faster when a corner is being turned.

The Massey-Harris Steel Tedder

is well and strongly built. It is a profitable investment, because it will pay for itself in a few seasons, and will last for a great number of years. It is practically all steel.



Toronto Works of MASSEY-HARRIS CO., Limited.



WON IN WESTERN CANADA

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY, B.A. L.L.B.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
A.H. HIDER AND J.D. KELLY.

J. IRVING

TO OUR ESTEEMED
PATRONS

IN presenting to you our Annual Catalogue, we have ventured on a new departure. The products of the various Massey Harris factories are now so well known that detailed descriptions are almost unnecessary. We have, therefore, confined ourselves to a brief summary of the many lines of progressive and high-grade Farm Implements we manufacture, the secret of whose world-wide success lies in the one word, **QUALITY**.

With this Catalogue we combine a story specially written for us by J. Macdonald Oxley, B.A., LL.B., and illustrated by A. H. Hider and J. D. Kelly. We think you will find the story interesting. It presents many phases of Canadian farm life, painted in true colors, which make this booklet worthy of preservation.

Hoping that our new departure may please you, we are

Yours truly,

MASSEY-HARRIS CO., Limited.

St. John, N.B., Feb. 1st, 1903.



Won in Western Canada

—BY—

J. Macdonald Oxley, B.A., LL.B.

CHAPTER I.

FROM THE OLD WORLD TO THE NEW.

THE younger son of an English rector in moderate circumstances is not apt to have particularly brilliant prospects. The financial resources of the family being barely sufficient to provide for the eldest son, who, of course, is to follow in his father's footsteps, the other must needs be content with his public school education, and cherish no thoughts of the University. He must also seriously consider the question of ceasing to be dependent upon the paternal purse at as early a date as possible.

This was precisely the position of Owen Hallam, when, at the age of eighteen, he came home from school, where he had made a tolerably good record, and found awaiting him the problem as to what he was to do now.

The professions were closed to him because his father could not afford to fit him for any of them. The same difficulty applied to the army, and he was too old for the navy. Neither banking nor mercantile life appealed to him. He abhorred the idea of spending his days in "dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood."

In this emergency there appeared upon the scene, a friend of his father's, an influential member of Parliament, who took a deep interest in Greater Britain. He had just returned from a tour across the Canadian Continent, and he was full of enthusiasm as to the condition of that country.

"It's a veritable land of promise!" he asserted. "We have not the remotest idea of its present advantages and future possibilities. Our ignorance is a disgrace to us. We think of it as a land of perpetual winter, where people shiver in bear-skins all the year round. Bah! I never tasted more luscious peaches nor juicier grapes than they grow right in the heart of Canada, in the open air, and as for their wheat fields, well, I simply can't describe them. There is nothing like them in the world, and they have millions upon millions of acres there just waiting for people to take them up and till them. Ah! Owen, my boy," he exclaimed, turning to the lad, who was listening to him with intent face, "if I were as young and strong, and hearty as you, that's where I'd go. I wouldn't stand around here on the chance of picking up some genteel job, but I'd just pack up for Canada, and carve out my own fortune there, for I'm positive that nobody with strong hands, a clear head and good habits can fail in that country. There's room for ten thousand bright sturdy young fellows like you to make yourselves independent there. I'm talking seriously. I can prove everything I say."

His words sent an electric shock through Owen. The thought of seeking his fortune in Canada had never before occurred to him. But it all at once took possession of his mind, and his tongue became loosened. He plied Mr. Plimsoll with question after question, receiving from him replies which only served to inspire him further, until at last, springing to his feet and drawing himself up to his full height, he stood before his father, saying:

"Father, with your permission, I will go to Canada."

"Bravo!" cried Mr. Plimsoll, "I'm glad to hear that. It's just such young fellows as you that the country needs—not the dregs of population from the slums of Europe, but manly wholesome chaps with plenty of brain and brawn. You may count upon me for any assistance that lies in my power."

It was of course somewhat of a shock and surprise to Owen's parents, and they naturally asked for time to consider it, but the result was a foregone conclusion.

Owen was simply on fire with the idea, and Mr. Plimsoll stood ready to clear away difficulties, so they gave their consent, not without some tears from Mrs. Hallam, whose tender heart trembled at the notion of her beloved

boy having to face what she conceived to be the perils and privations of the little-known and much-misunderstood colony.

During the winter Owen employed himself absorbing information concerning his future home, and learning to do things that would be required of him when he got there.

Meanwhile careful inquiries were being made, through Mr. Plimsoll, as to the best plan of procedure, which was finally settled in this wise: He would in the early spring go out to Canada and there be apprenticed to a farmer in the fertile Province of Ontario for a couple of years. By him he would be instructed in all the details of farming, and thus qualified to paddle his own canoe, so to speak, he would be ready to take up land on his own account in the rich North West, where the best wheat in the world rewarded the intelligent toil of the husbandman.

Mr. Plimsoll's interest in Owen was not a passing one. He was his first convert, and he felt correspondingly proud of him, and when the time came for the lad to bid farewell to the old land, he was at the docks to see him off.

"May you have the best of luck, my boy," he said, as he wrung his hand warmly. "We will often think of you, and will want to hear how you get on. Here," he continued, handing him a pocket-book, "is my little contribution towards your success. In it you will find a draft for one hundred pounds payable in Toronto. My advice is to put it in the bank, and leave it there until you are ready to begin on your own account. You don't need much money on a farm, it's not like living in the city. And now good-bye, and God bless you."

Owen was touched to the heart by his kind friend's generosity, and he registered a vow that not one penny of the hundred pounds should be spent in any way that would not meet with the giver's approval.

He found it a sharper wrench leaving home, and parents, and the familiar surroundings of his boyhood, than he counted upon, and during the first few days on the steamer his spirits were rather depressed.

Then the natural buoyancy of his nature asserted itself, and he thoroughly enjoyed the remainder of the voyage, which terminated at the city of Montreal.

It was with a distinctly curious sensation that he first set foot upon the soil of Canada.

"It's make or break with me," he soliloquized. "I'll never go back to England to be dependent upon my people, and I'm too British to get on in the United States. I don't think I could be content over there. Well, here goes for Canada. I'll make a big fight for it anyway, and if I don't win out I can at least get decently buried."

It was rather a grim way of putting the matter, and yet it fairly enough represented Owen's nature, for there was in him, despite his fair hair,

blue eyes, and ready smile, a certain bull-dog strain—if it might be so described—which only a keen observer would discover on first acquaintance.

Fully six feet in height, with a well-knit symmetrical figure, and a rather slow yet easy manner of movement, he was eminently prepossessing in appearance, and the good impression he made upon one at the start was sure to be deepened by further acquaintance.

Montreal proved so interesting a city that he lingered there a few days, and, Mr. Plimsoil having given him letters of introduction, he made pleasant acquaintances, some of whom did their best to dissuade him from his project.

"Don't bury yourself in the country," they urged. "Stay here, and we'll get you a position before long. You're too good a fellow to be wasted upon a farm."

Owen did not fail to appreciate the compliment, but it in no wise shook his resolution, even though the glamour of bewitching black eyes and soft seductive voice sought to strengthen the masculine appeal.

"You're ever so kind," he responded, with a touch of heightened color that became him immensely, "but I really must say no. I'm not the sort that gets on in an office, you know, and I've quite made up my mind to go in for farming. When I have my place going out in the west perhaps you'll come out and see a fellow some day."

The glorious Canadian summer was just beginning as Owen continued his journey westward. On the advice of his Montreal friends he chose the steamer route to Toronto, and he was very glad he did. The wonderful beauty and picturesqueness of the trip amazed him. Again and again he exclaimed to himself:

"If my folks could only see this, what a different idea they'd have of Canada. Why, there's nothing in all Europe more lovely. I only wish I could describe it decently, so they'd get some idea of it."

Toronto pleased him more than Montreal. The broad clear streets embowered by lofty maples, oaks and chestnuts, and bordered with smooth-shaven lawns, the many-gabled, comfortable residences, each in their own ample plot, reminded him of home, and he would have liked very well to make a stay in the provincial capital.

But he thought it better to hurry on. Mr. Armstrong would be expecting him, and he should not keep him waiting.

A few hours on the railway brought him to his station, and he alighted from the car to find a middle-aged man, whose appearance and dress betokened both prosperity and culture, evidently on the look-out for him.

"Are you Mr. Hallam?" he said, in a deep yet pleasant voice, as he extended his brown sinewy hand.

"I am, sir," responded Owen, clasping it warmly; "and you are Mr. Armstrong?"

CHAPTER II.

THE KNIGHT-ERRANT AND THE MAIDEN IN DISTRESS.

Owen Hallam's first experience at "Oaklands," as Mr. Armstrong's estate was called, proved a succession of surprises, although he shrewdly refrained from saying so, except in his letters home.

What he had looked for in his own mind was something like this: A plain wooden dwelling flanked by big weather-beaten barns, and standing in the midst of wide-spreading fields, divided by straggling rail-fences; everything, including even the women-folk, severely plain and prosaic, with no attempt after mere beauty irrespective of utility.

What he actually found was this: A commodious structure of red brick that was almost hidden by a mantle of vines, with a well-tended garden in front and a luxuriant orchard in the rear, sheltered from the north and east winds by a superb grove of oak trees, but with a clear view to the west and south, where the sheen of a pellucid stream showed amidst the soft green of the growing crops.

At a respectful distance from the house stood the barns—great substantial affairs upon stone foundations, and having grouped about them various smaller buildings devoted to the dairy, or the poultry, or the housing of the machinery.

The interior of "Oaklands" proved in keeping with its exterior. Without any attempt at aping at city styles, it combined the utmost of comfort with a certain degree of elegance. In the parlor stood a piano, whereat Owen rejoiced, for he loved music, and could play a bit himself; on the walls hung not gaudy chromos, or hideous hand-worked mottoes, but some good engravings and photogravures, while a couple of book shelves held a collection of books that were not by any means "adapted only to Sunday reading."

Mr. Armstrong had no son, and the family consisted of his wife and two daughters, both of them several years older than Owen. When they were introduced and looked each other over they quietly arrived at a similar decision.

"I like them all," said Owen to himself; "they're the right sort, if I am any judge."

"He's a fine manly lad, without any nonsense about him," said they in their hearts, with an immense amount of comfort, for, to tell the truth, Owen's arrival had been anticipated with considerable trepidation, lest he should prove to be a silly snob who would scorn everything colonial and make himself despised and disliked.

The equipment of the farm delighted Owen, no less than the furnishing of the house. The horses and cattle were all of high grade, and in perfect condition; the barns and stables were kept in excellent order, and from the

variety of carriages, Owen judged that there must be plenty of driving done, of which he purposed to get a share, for he loved to handle a good horse.

But his chief surprise was the outfit of farm implements, some of which were entirely new to him.

Mr. Armstrong was a firm believer in the value of machinery. "Never have a man do what you can get a machine to do. The machine pays better every time."

This was his principle, and so he had cultivators for preparing the ground, drills and seeders for sowing the grain and grass seeds, and harrows for smoothing the surface of the soil. Then, when nature had done her work and the fields waved their golden crops in invitation to the husbandman, there were mowers to cut wide swift swaths through the lush clover, and binders to lay low the nodding grain, changing it into neat plump sheaves in the twinkling of an eye.

Owen examined them all with keen interest and was inclined to feel rather proud of himself at knowing what so many of them were for. "That big machine is for cutting down the grain, and putting it up into sheaves, isn't it, sir?" he asked, pointing to a fine Massey-Harris binder.

"Right you are, my lad; how did you know?" Mr. Armstrong responded, with some wonder in his tone.

"Oh, I've seen the same binder often in England; on the estate of the Duke of Monmouth, and also on the estate of the Earl of Derby, formerly Governor-General of Canada, where he was known as Lord Stanley. There are large numbers of Massey-Harris binders in use throughout Great Britain. I was told that our dearly-loved and lamented Queen Victoria used these machines on her farm, and her example has been largely followed by many of the nobility, and also by large numbers of farmers in the British Isles. I suppose, however, sir, that quite a number of your implements are of foreign manufacture?"

To Owen's surprise, Mr. Armstrong drew himself up, and there was an unmistakable sharpness in his voice as he answered:

"No, sir, not one of them. They're made right here in Canada. The Massey-Harris people have the same reputation here that they have abroad, and I find their implements the best I can get. Some time I'll take you to Toronto with me, just to show you where they are made, so you'll not forget it."

Owen felt quite taken aback, for nothing was farther from his mind than to give offence, and he hastened to say apologetically: "Oh, I beg pardon—I did not know. I've got such a lot to learn about this country."

Mollified by his frank confession, Mr. Armstrong at once regained his good humor.

"It's all right," he said, laying his hand upon Owen's shoulder. "The English no doubt can beat us in some things still, though we're catching up

to them pretty fast, but they can't make better machines for the farmers than we can. I know what I'm talking about, for I've tried almost all makes, and now I just stick to the Toronto people, and I've no reason to complain."

Owen, on his part, was very glad to learn that such fine machinery could be manufactured in Canada. It enhanced his respect for the country, and he pigeon-holed, in his mind, a resolution to have no other kind when he set up farming for himself.

Mrs. Armstrong was a motherly body, in whose heart Owen quickly found a warm place. Having been denied the joy of possessing a son of her own, she was the more ready to be drawn towards the newcomer, and the latter, who made no attempt to conceal from himself that he often missed his own mother, found in the shrewd kindly woman no small measure of compensation.

Martha and Mary, the two daughters, were staid, quiet girls, who would make model housewives, but did not appeal to Owen's special interest, although he got on capitally with them, and they both enjoyed his light-hearted ways and lively conversation.

A devout believer in the gospel of work, Mr. Armstrong set a good example to his employees by not sparing his own muscles. He was the first up in the morning, and the last to lie down at night, and without being a hard task-master, managed to get more out of his men and his land than any other farmer in the section.

Owen soon found that the day's doings left scant margin for idling, and at first it was with heavy-lidded eyes and aching muscles that he reached the end of the long summer days.

But he was not the kind to cry "halt" when Mr. Armstrong said "go ahead." He was determined to hold his own with any of the hands, and that strong lower jaw of his was set with grim resolve to peg away and say nothing about the quantity or quality of the work set him.

Mr. Armstrong wisely showed no difference between him and the other hands, of whom he employed several. If Owen was going to make a success of his chosen occupation, it could only be by dint of hard work, and he must needs learn to bear the yoke in his youth. So, from feeding the pigs, which Owen loathed, to hunting up stray cattle, which he quite enjoyed, hoeing potatoes, chopping wood, harnessing horses, right through the round of farm work he had his share, and he did it without a murmur, and for the most part with a smile.

"It's not exactly what I'd like, but I can't expect to have everthing just to suit," he said to himself, philosophically. "I've got to take things as they come, and do the best I can."

It was while hunting up a stray horse, a notorious fence-jumper, in the back pasture, an extensive tract of partially cleared land, that he met with

an adventure that was destined to have an influence upon his life, which he little imagined at the time. He had found the horse, and was leading it quietly back to "Oaklands," when, in taking a short cut across a neighbor's land, he came upon a scene which aroused him to the fullest exercise of his faculties.

In the centre of a six-acre lot there lay a huge boulder, half buried in the turf, yet rising many feet above it, an interesting relic of the ice age. Upon its flat top, stood a young girl, who, on seeing Owen, at once cried out for help. At the foot of the boulder, pawing the ground, snorting fiercely, and sending forth blood-curdling bellows, was the cause of her distress, a shorthorn bull in a paroxysm of fury.

One glance sufficed to make the situation clear, and having shouted to the girl, "All right, I'll help you. Stay where you are," Owen set his wits to work on the emergency before him. As the girl was perfectly safe while she maintained her position, there was no need for hasty action. He could afford to take time to think the thing out.

"Oaklands" was still a long way distant, and if he hurried on there for reinforcements, the girl might faint and fall off the boulder into the bull's reach before he could return. Yet what could he possibly do single-handed with the powerful, maddened animal?

As he stood beside the fence, puzzling over the problem, there came into his mind what he had read about the matadors in the Spanish bull-rings, and he wondered if he might not imitate some of their feats. He had no sword of course, nor any other lethal instrument, but right at hand lay a fence stake, sharp at one end and heavy at the other, a weapon that, deftly wielded, might be effective, even against a shorthorn bull.

Owen picked it up and hefted it, thoughtfully.

"It's a big risk," he murmured, "but I don't see any other way, and I've got to get the girl out of her fix."

In another moment his resolution was made, and calling out reassuringly, "I'm coming to help you, keep your place," he vaulted over the fence into the field.

It was with a curious mixture of elation and trepidation that he advanced towards the bull, swinging the heavy fence stake. He fully appreciated the danger he was courting, yet he had no thought of turning back.

"What else can a fellow do?" he said to himself. "The girl has to be rescued, and I can't think of any other way."

When the girl realized his purpose, she forgot her own fright in anxiety for him.

"Go back! Go back!" she screamed. "The bull will kill you! Oh, do go back!"

But Owen, smiling confidently, kept on, just as if he did not hear her.



... the enraged animal charged repeatedly, only to receive a stinging blow on the face.

CHAPTER III.

THE SPRING OF LOVE.

The bull was so intent upon his feminine victim that he did not notice Owen's approach, which was skilfully conducted from the rear, until, to his acute astonishment, he received a bruising blow upon the flank, accompanied by a shout of "Take that, you brute! Clear out, now!" and, whirling about like a top, his bloodshot eyes revealed to him Owen's proximity.

Instantly he charged, bellowing hoarsely, but Owen was too quick for him, cleverly stepping aside, and yet managing to get in another crack with his fence stake, this time upon the broad muzzle, where it hurt infinitely more than on the flank. As he gave it, Owen thought to himself, with a thrill of exultation, that even a Spanish matador could hardly have done the thing better.

Back came the bull, with wonderful agility for so large an animal, and this time, although Owen missed his blow, the impetus of the creature's charge carried him right against the boulder, with which he collided so violently that he went down on his knees semi-stunned, and the girl above him, thinking that he was knocked out, clapped her hands joyously, exclaiming:

"He's hurt himself. Hurrah!"

Hurt the big fellow certainly was, yet not overcome, nor cured of his homicidal purpose.

Gathering himself together, he again plunged at Owen, who narrowly escaped being caught by the wicked little horns, and, not daring to take further part in the role of matador, seized the opportunity of springing upon the boulder beside the girl.

From this coign of vantage he conducted a campaign that for a little while afforded him immense amusement. By imitating the bull's bellows, and flourishing in his face the red sun bonnet which had in the beginning brought the girl into danger, he made the enraged animal charge repeatedly, only to receive each time a stinging blow from the fence stake.

How long this might have continued it is difficult to say, but Owen had grown weary enough of it when there appeared a couple of farm hands armed with pitch forks and supplied with ropes.

The bull had been missed from his paddock, and they had come to reclaim him.

They knew their business thoroughly, and what was even more to the point, the bull knew them. He had no notion of trying conclusions with their pitchforks, but submitted sullenly to being secured and led ignominiously away.

Not until they had departed with their humble captive did Owen find

time to take a good look at the girl to whom he had been playing the part of knight-errant after so rustic a fashion, and then it was with a positive start that he realized what a mistake he had made in his first estimate.

He had taken it for granted that she would prove to be an ordinary slip of a school-girl, with freckled face, indefinite eyes and straggling hair, but he found before him a maiden whose beauty thrilled him with delight.

She appeared to be about his own age, and her slender form seemed the perfection of grace in its simple, snowy dress, while her face, now flushed with excitement, instantly photographed itself upon his heart. Her head was small and shapely, her abundant hair a rich glossy brown, and her dark eyes, unusually large and expressive, bespoke a lovely nature.

"Oh, how good and brave you are!" she cried, her bosom still pulsating, and her pretty voice quivering. "Whatever should I have done if you hadn't come? I was so dreadfully frightened!"

"I'm very glad I happened along, I assure you," responded Owen, gallantly. "That chap was in a beastly rage, and just wanted to kill somebody. But all's well that ends well. He got a good deal more than he bargained for, I'm thinking."

As they talked they descended from the boulder and walked across the fields to where Owen had tethered the horse. Then they turned their steps homeward. The peculiar circumstances of their meeting broke down the barriers of reserve which might otherwise have stood between them, and they quickly reached an easy footing.

There was no need for him to explain to her who he was, as the advent of the young Englishman to Oaklands had naturally enough formed an interesting item of social gossip in the neighborhood, and certain shy glances from those big brown eyes had been directed towards Mr. Armstrong's pew on the previous Sunday, whereof Owen knew nothing.

But he had all to learn concerning his attractive acquaintance, whose refinement of manner and speech surprised him not less than her personal charms, and somehow it was with a very distinct thrill of pleasure he came to know that she lived in the big white house with the green shutters, which stood not more than a quarter of a mile away from Oaklands, amid its own fertile fields and billowy orchards.

In artless fashion she explained how she had gone to the uplands in quest of ferns and wild flowers, and on her way back had been attacked by the bull, which indeed belonged to her father.

"If it wasn't for my getting on top of that boulder I'm afraid Red Angus would have killed me," she concluded, with a pretty shudder of horror, and Owen, as he glanced at the dainty figure, and thought of it being at the mercy of the bull, shuddered in sympathy.

"I'm so glad I was in good time," he exclaimed fervently, and then,

after a little pause, added, "and if the scare hasn't done you any harm I feel like forgiving the brute, because if it wasn't for him I wouldn't now be talking with you."

Ruth Godfrey blushed and hung her head. In her heart she held precisely the same sentiment, but it would not have been maidenly to express it, so she simply said:

"Poor Red Angus, how you did punish him! He'll not forget you and your fence-stake for a time," and she broke into a merry laugh, which Owen heartily echoed.

He escorted her to her gate, and before they separated there, managed to say, with a look whose meaning could not be mistaken:

"I do hope I shall have the pleasure of meeting you again soon, Miss Godfrey."

"Perhaps so," was the demure response, "but of course not under similar circumstances," and with a bewitching smile, and the shadow of a curtsy, she flitted up the path.

His whole being possessed by a tumult of novel emotions, Owen strolled slowly homeward. Having never before in his life looked upon a girl from any other point of view than that of gracious tolerance, as a creature that would no doubt in due time acquire sufficient sense to be fit company for the lords of creation, he was completely at a loss to understand the impression Ruth Godfrey had made upon him. It was almost with a sense of shame that he realized how abjectly subservient he had already become to this gentle little maiden, and how eager he felt to do anything imaginable that might commend him to her regard. Although he hardly understood it, the pivot point in his life had changed, and henceforth the look in those wonderful brown eyes and the curves of those rose-leaf lips would be of far more consequence to him than anything else in the world.

He had not intended telling the Armstrongs what had taken place, lest they should chaff him about it, but Mr. Armstrong had already got wind of the matter, and while they were sitting at tea, he said, with a shrewd look at Owen:

"And so you've been distinguishing yourself, Owen, I'm told, rescuing a pretty girl from a vicious bull."

Owen felt the warm flush flooding his face, as the women's eyes were turned inquiringly upon him, and his first impulse was to feel provoked at Mr. Armstrong for having spoken. Then his good sense asserted itself, and, smiling frankly back at Mr. Armstrong, he responded, in a tone that he did his best to make unconcerned:

"Oh, I didn't do anything wonderful, sir. I just went for the bull with a fence stake, and gave him some good cracks. If the men hadn't come along I don't know how I'd have got rid of him. He was bound to hurt somebody."



Of course this was not at all clear to the eagerly-listening ladies, and so Owen had to go into full particulars, which they evidently relished greatly, and punctuated with hearty expressions of praise for his gallant conduct.

Mr. Armstrong, usually so grave, seemed to particularly enjoy the narration.

"I told neighbor Godfrey more than once that he shouldn't let that bull out—that he'd be sure to do some mischief—but he wouldn't take my advice. His fences were bull-proof, he claimed, and the critter was better in the field than shut up in the barn. And then to think that it was his own daughter that the bull came so nigh hurting, and that it was you, Owen, who helped her out of her fix. Well, well, that is rich! Won't I rub it into Andrew Godfrey as soon as I see him?"

Then after chuckling over the thing for a moment, he bent his keen eyes upon Owen, and added, in a semi-humorous tone, that nevertheless bore more than a hint of serious meaning:

"Now, my son, don't you go losing your heart to Ruth Godfrey. She's his only child, and he thinks there's nothing under the sky too good for her. He wouldn't consider it out of the way if she got a duke for a husband; would he, mother?" and he turned to his wife for confirmation.

In spite of his utmost effort at self-control, Owen reddened to the roots of his hair, and in his confusion, he could find nothing to say in reply, but Mrs. Armstrong filled the gap.

Woman-like she resented the idea that Owen, of whom she had already grown so fond, might not prove a fitting husband for Ruth Godfrey, even if her father did entertain such high-flown notions concerning her, and it was with unwonted spirit that she responded: "What nonsense you're talking, John! Ruth's not so different from other girls, even if her father is rich, and she's his only child. Dukes don't come round here looking for wives, and there are plenty of plain men good enough for Ruth."

CHAPTER IV.

UNDER THE APPLE TREE.

IN the days that followed, Owen learned many things about Ruth Godfrey and her surroundings, and although they were, for the most part, well calculated to dampen his spirit in regard to the possibilities of the future, he did not allow them to have that effect.

They were, in brief, that her father was the wealthiest farmer in the district, and was also the most arrogant and domineering, his meek little wife being hardly suffered to call her soul her own; that Ruth was the supreme object of his pride and passion, and he had often boasted that he would see

to it she made the best match ever known in the neighborhood ; that he had lavished money freely upon her education, and denied her nothing she desired which money commanded ; and finally, that he could be rude to the verge of brutality towards young men who ventured upon overtures whose object was his darling daughter.

Having learned all this, Owen, instead of deciding to dismiss the fair maiden from his thoughts, simply set his jaw a little firmer, and recalling in a whimsical way the fairy stories of his childhood, in which armored knights, as greatly daring as they were greatly loving, had rescued beauteous virgins from the cruel clutches of wicked giants or malicious magicians, he strengthened his heart by the reminiscences.

It would be a fairy tale adopted to modern life. Old man Godfrey was the hard-hearted tyrant, the big white house with the green shutters his castle, and Ruth the peerless maiden whom it was his congenial enterprise to deliver in order that he might appropriate her to himself.

Had he been at home he might have confided some of this to his mother, for there was a very good understanding between them, but he did not like setting it down in a letter, and so kept the matter to himself, although Mrs. Armstrong presently came to suspect how the wind blew.

He did not see Ruth again until Sunday, and then was fain to be content with merely a bow across the aisle, but the expression of her face, as she recognized him, gave him a thrill of joy, and he found it difficult to resist the impulse to join her at the door in spite of the presence of her grim guardian.

It was wonderful how many excuses he found as the days went by to go past the Godfrey gate, and he was now and then rewarded by catching a flutter of white skirts on the verandah, and once by a smiling recognition, but not a chance had he to exchange a word with the mistress of his heart.

At last the fates relented, and gave him the opportunity he so eagerly craved. It was at a croquet party given by one of the neighbors, and Owen having paid particular attention to his appearance, presented himself at the gathering, with no little fluttering of heart.

So soon as he had paid his respects to the host and hostess he looked about for Ruth, and was rather chagrined to find her the centre of a bevy of girls who were all strangers, and although he was not a victim to shyness he did not feel quite equal to facing the phalanx.

But Mistress Ruth did not purpose to spend the afternoon in the society of her own sex, and ere long she managed to separate herself from the others in a perfectly natural way.

Instantly Owen made towards her, and there is no doubt that if papa Godfrey's keen eyes had observed their meeting he would have quickly come to the conclusion that there was mischief brewing which he must needs take steps to circumvent.

"It's so sunny here," suggested Owen, after they had exchanged the customary commonplaces. "Let us take a stroll through the orchard."

"But don't you want to play croquet?" inquired Ruth, archly, "they're just going to begin."

"Not if I can possibly help it," responded Owen. "I detest croquet. It's so tame after tennis. Don't you think so?"

"I believe I do," murmured Ruth, "and it does seem so hot in the sun."

As she spoke she turned toward the orchard, and Owen, exulting at the thought of a tête-à-tête, could hardly hold himself down to a duly dignified rate of progression.

Under very specious pretexts he persuaded his companion to continue the stroll until they were quite out of sight and hearing of the other guests, and then to seat herself upon the projecting limb of an old apple tree that offered a natural armchair.

As their tongues wagged merrily—for they found a thousand-and-one things to talk about—the time slipped by all unheeded. Owen had never felt so happy in his life before. He was having his first experience of that ecstasy of pure passion which Tennyson meant in his lines:

"Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all the cords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that trembling, passed in music out of sight."

The sun sank to rest, but they noted it not, and Owen was just in the midst of an animated description of his plans for the future, in which Ruth showed a most gratifying interest, when suddenly the idyllic silence all around them was rudely broken by a harsh voice, calling out imperiously:

"Ruth!—Ruth Godfrey!—where are you?"

The rosy flush faded from the bright face of Owen's companion, and she became so agitated that he could scarcely resist the impulse to throw his arm about her in a protecting way.

But she seemed to divine his feelings, and gliding swiftly out from under the apple-tree's shade, responded in a trembling voice:

"Here I am, father. Do you want me?"

Mr. Godfrey came striding up, his keen eyes looking out suspiciously from under their shaggy brows, and demanded:

"Why are you not with the others? Who is with you here?"

As he spoke Owen stepped forward, and Ruth, who had now recovered her self-possession, answered sweetly:

"This is Mr. Hallam, father, who kept Red Angus from hurting me, you know."

Arrogant and ungentle of manner as Mr. Godfrey certainly was, he was not quite a savage, and in spite of his irritation at finding his daughter evidently so engrossed with a young man whom he would consider a "detri-



UNDER THE APPLE TREE.

mental," he did not so far forget himself as to ignore the obligation under which he stood to Owen.

Accordingly, with the best grace he could muster, he held out his big, hard hand, saying: "Ah, indeed, you are Mr. Hallam. I've been intending to step over to Mr. Armstrong's to thank you for helping my daughter. I'm sure we're both greatly obliged to you." And having got out this much, he caught Ruth's hand, saying: "Come now, daughter, it's time to be going home."

Poor Owen, his blissful little idyll thus rudely interrupted, found himself tongue-tied by the suddenness of it all, but Ruth, as she went off with her father, managed to throw to him over her shoulder a parting look which seemed to say plainly:

"Don't mind father. We understand one another, anyway."

Then his momentary gloom was dispelled in a flash, and with a light heart he followed them back to the croquet lawn.

As Ruth quite expected, her father did not mince matters on the way home. It was all well enough for this young Englishman to do the right thing when she was in danger from the bull, but that must not be considered as giving him any special claim upon her interest. He was as poor as a church-mouse, even if he was a gentleman, and he had his way to make with nothing but a pair of hands to help him. It wasn't likely he'd ever amount to much anyway. These chaps that came out from England rarely did. Their fine notions about work didn't suit Canada. So he went on—

"——old and formal, fitted to his petty part,

With a little hoard of maxims preaching down his daughter's heart."

Ruth listened in dutiful silence, while the old man's deep, rough voice rumbled on; but, if he had only realized how he was bringing about precisely the opposite effect from what he sought to accomplish, he would surely have kept his hard-headed philosophy to himself.

At first, the blunt assumption that Owen must needs be considered in the light of a possible husband jarred cruelly upon her. She had hitherto regarded him simply as a very welcome addition to her rather limited circle of acquaintances. His undeniably good looks, his graceful manner and his bright talk would have commended him to her even though their acquaintance had not been begun in so dramatic a fashion. Beyond that, however, her vision had not ranged, nor did she desire it to do so, and this rough intrusion by her father upon her pleasant day-dream aroused her resentment. Even he had no right, she said to herself, to thus play havoc with her maidenly reserve.

Not only so, but his disparaging references to Owen presently led her to forget her own grievance in sympathy for him. Although she knew it was quite useless for her to make any response to her father's animadver-

sions, she was all the while being more moved by them to champion their absent subject, until by the time she, with vast relief, reached the retirement of her own chamber, her gentle spirit had been brought nearer the edge of revolt than ever in her life before.

Sleep came late to two pairs of young eyes that night. Owen now understood himself fully. Ruth Godfrey was the key to his future happiness. Without her, life would not be worth living; and, while not attempting to hide from himself the apparent improbability of his winning her hand, however it might be with her heart, he took comfort in the old adage, "Faint heart never won fair lady," as he sought to peer into the misty future.

Ruth's mind was not so clear. There were many considerations whereof she had to take account, from which Owen was entirely free. But thus far, at least, she had gone, that Owen measured up to her ideal of manhood, and that not even her stern father could prevent his being the chief object of her thoughts.

CHAPTER V.

A DOUBLE THUNDERSTORM.

LOVE laughs at locksmiths, they say, and in spite of Mr. Godfrey's vigilance Owen managed to meet Ruth from time to time in what seemed a perfectly natural way. The old man understood human nature too well to lay upon his daughter a strict injunction that she should not have any speech with the young Englishman. He reasoned shrewdly enough that that would be the very way to bring about what he sought to prevent, but he did endeavor to keep track of Ruth's movements, and to interfere whenever there seemed a possibility of her encountering Owen.

Good Mrs. Armstrong, whose mother heart had led her to understand Owen's secret, in her own quiet way became his ally, and it was to her shrewd hints that he was indebted for more than one happy hour.

Mr. Godfrey had frequent occasions to go into the city on business, and he often took Ruth with him, but if he chanced not to do so, Mrs. Armstrong somehow speedily discovered it, and Owen was duly apprised of his opportunity, which he never failed to seize upon.

Once, indeed, it happened that he was able to have a little talk with Ruth right before her father, and there is no doubt that both the young people keenly enjoyed the humor of the situation.

He had been sent over by Mr. Armstrong with a message to Mr. Godfrey, and found the latter in the wheat field, where a magnificent crop stood ready to be harvested. A fine new binder with all the latest improvements had just come from the Massey-Harris Company, and was being given its first trial.

Unfortunately, through some mismanagement on the part of the man in charge, the canvas apron had been torn, and Ruth, having been sent for, was busy with needle and thread mending the tear.

She made an exceedingly pretty picture as she stood beside the great machine, deftly plying her needle, and Owen—the thought “will she ever do that for me on my farm?” sending a thrill through his being—having delivered his message, remained to watch, despite Mr. Godfrey’s ill-concealed impatience.

The operation took a long time, for which, perhaps, the extent of the damage was not altogether to blame, and meanwhile, only Ruth’s fingers being occupied by her task, she and Owen chatted away as briskly as if no grim guardian stood by burning to say to the young man “Shut up and clear out,” but not daring to be quite so grossly rude.

At last the rent was cleverly closed, and Owen felt bound to take himself off, chuckling as he went at having dared the old tyrant to his face without giving him any good ground for taking umbrage.

The crisis came a month later. Owen had ridden into the village four miles distant to procure some medicine for Mrs. Armstrong, who was a sufferer from rheumatism, and had just set out on his return when, to his great joy, he espied Ruth alone in her pony-carriage, going in the same direction, having been on a shopping expedition to the village.

He at once drew alongside, and they were soon chatting gayly, while the horses were permitted to proceed as slowly as they liked,

Suddenly the heavens clouded over, and a thunderstorm unaccompanied by rain, broke upon them. Ruth’s pony became panic-stricken, and almost succeeded in bolting with her, whereupon Owen sprang out of the saddle and into the carriage, securing his own horse by the bridle at the rear.

His strong grip upon the reins quickly steadied the pony, and, all cause for alarm being over, he sat down beside Ruth to drive her home.

The excitement had flushed her cheeks and brightened her eyes, and the wind had blown her wavy hair about her face. To Owen she seemed the perfection of loveliness, and he was inspired to speak the fateful words that, in however halting or crude a fashion they may be framed, convey the highest homage that can be paid by man to woman.

His heart beat so furiously as he spoke that it seemed to him its palpitations must surely be audible, and, while he waited for Ruth’s reply, he almost ceased to breathe in the extremity of his suspense.

Now Ruth possessed a large fund of common-sense, and although, perhaps, her natural impulse under other circumstances might have been to parry this her first proposal, to evade for a time the direct issue, and, after the way of women, to indulge in the rather selfish pleasure of keeping her eager suitor upon the tenter-hooks of uncertainty for a season, she realized

that the occasion was not appropriate for any such course of conduct. She had taken counsel with her heart in the sweet seclusion of her own room on more than one occasion, and there had been no doubt as to the conclusion reached. Its virgin love had gone out to the stalwart young Englishman so that it would never be recalled.

Yet she had too high a sense of her own dignity to yield at once to Owen's frank wooing, and for a brief space after he spoke there was silence between them.

Then, lifting her beautiful eyes and fixing them upon his impassioned countenance, she said, in a low, yet steady, tone:

"Are you quite sure of yourself, Owen? Do you indeed love me as you say?"

For a moment Owen was silent in his turn, not because he hesitated to give Ruth the assurance she sought of him, but because he could not at once find words in which to express the profundity of his passion.

Startled by this, she once more lifted her eyes to his face, but what she read there instantly banished all misgivings. If ever a countenance was transfigured by pure unbounded love it was Owen's at that moment, and, without waiting for him to utter the words that were trembling upon his lips, she laid her hand in his, murmuring softly as her head sank upon her breast, the blushes burning upon her cheeks:

"I believe you, Owen—and—and—I love you too."

The ecstatic interval that followed may properly be left undescribed as being of interest only to the immediate participants, and the pony carriage continued in a slow course homeward, while the thunderstorm, which had been only of brief duration, died away in the east, allowing the sun to reappear in the west in time to pour the golden flood of its approval upon the blissful pair.

But if one thunderstorm had passed away they were fated still to face another, for lo! on the long, wooden bridge which spanned the river this side of the cross-roads, they met Mr. Godfrey astride his big black horse, riding hard towards the village.

Reining in the powerful beast so suddenly that he almost caused it to stumble, Mr. Godfrey, his face as black as night, demanded sternly:

"What's the meaning of this, Ruth? Why aren't you driving yourself?"

All her young life hitherto Ruth had quailed before her father's harsh ways, even though again and again the spirit of revolt stirred within her bosom.

But now she held her head upright, and looked straight into her father's face, as she replied with gentle dignity:

"Because Budge was frightened by the thunder and lightning, and Mr. Hallam was so kind as to get off his horse and take the reins."

Mr. Godfrey fairly gasped in astonishment. What strange and sudden change had taken place in his daughter that she should thus calmly answer him instead of cowering before his indignation? Through the hot torrent of his wrath there darted a chill current of apprehension hitherto unknown to him, and which caused him to lay a strong hand upon himself. For the first time he realized that his daughter, the apple of his eye, the pride of his life, was not altogether the meek, submissive creature his wife had always been. Some of his own strength had passed into her nature, and it would be folly for him to go to extremities with her there in the presence of Owen Hallam.

So with a mighty effort he curbed himself as he had his panting steed, and saying with a very ill grace, "Oh! I see. Well, hurry on home. You're late as it is," he fell back behind the carriage so that he might keep his eye upon its occupants.

"I'm afraid the fat is in the fire now, Owen, dear," said Ruth, looking straight before her with so prim an expression that no one would ever have suspected the significance of her words. "I'll have a dreadful time of it with father as soon as we get home, but I mean to tell him the truth, and then heaven only knows what will happen."

"But Ruth, darling," exclaimed Owen, striving hard to keep himself in check, "surely—surely—your father—your father—won't be rough to you, will he?" and a humiliating sense of his own powerlessness in such an emergency came over him as he spoke.

Ruth's eyes shone with mingled joy and amusement. Owen's keen anxiety thrilled her with delight, while his fear that her father might use violence towards her appealed to her sense of humor. Stern and severe as he was, she never recalled a blow from his hands. He had always stopped short of that.

"Why, of course not, you foolish boy," she laughed. "His bark is always worse than his bite, but once he knows we love each other he'll do everything he possibly can to keep us apart."

Poor Owen's heart sank. He had not the least doubt but that Mr. Godfrey would act precisely as Ruth said, and yet what could he do to prevent it?

"But he can't separate us forever," he protested. "He has no right to do that."

There was sadness in her smile as she replied, with an effort to be brave:

"We must wait and hope, Owen. He cannot prevent us loving one another, at all events."

While they thus talked, Mr. Godfrey grimly pounded along behind the carriage, finding comfort in the determination to carry out as soon as possible a purpose which had been in his mind for some time past.

CHAPTER VI.

A MEETING AND A PARTING.

IN its extreme of joy or sorrow the human heart craves a confidant, and Owen could no longer keep his happy secret to himself. Accordingly he sought out Mrs. Armstrong, and into her sympathetic ear poured the whole story, so much of which she had already divined.

The tears were in her eyes as she listened, for with motherly instinct she foresaw how serious were the obstacles in Owen's way, and with what faith and patience he would have to wait for their removal.

"My whole heart is with you, Owen, dear," she said, tenderly, as she took his hand and stroked it softly. "I have known Ruth from the cradle, and if you were my own son I could not wish for you better fortune in the choice of a wife. She is, indeed, a lovely girl. But I know her father, too. He is as hard as granite, and would rather she stayed single all her life than marry any one of whom he wasn't pleased to approve. You will have to be very patient, Owen, and to trust in Providence to bring things about as you desire. But of this you may be sure, Ruth has pledged her troth to you, and no power on earth will make her change as long as you are true to her. She is her father's child in that. Andrew Godfrey's word has ever been as good as his bond."

Owen drank in every word as though he were listening to one inspired. Mrs. Armstrong's sweet sympathy and sound sense were just what he needed, and with an outburst of feeling that surprised the dear woman as much as it delighted her, he drew her face toward him and kissed it warily, saying:

"How good you are! You are just another mother to me. I'm so glad I came to you."

For the moment, in the pleasure his heart-felt tribute gave her, Mrs. Armstrong forgot the ache of her own heart because no son had been granted her.

The days grew into weeks without Owen having an opportunity to meet Ruth except at church, where the lovers must needs be content with meaning glances as they passed out from the service; and then one evening as they sat at supper in Oaklands, Mr. Armstrong, who had been over to Godfrey's and came in a little late, so soon as he had said grace, with a quizzical look at Owen, inquired if any of them had heard the news.

"We can't say until you tell us," responded Mrs. Armstrong.

"Why, Andrew Godfrey is going to move into the city. He says he's tired of slaving on the farm, and he's just going to take it easy for the rest of his days."

As Mr. Armstrong spoke a chill struck Owen's heart, and the color

fled from his cheeks, and dear Mrs. Armstrong, after a quick glance at him, gave her husband a reproachful look which said as plainly as words:

"You shouldn't have blurted that out so thoughtlessly. Just see how Owen feels it."

Mr. Armstrong, to do him credit, at once regretted his abruptness, and hastened to make amends by adding:

"But he'll soon get sick of that notion. He'll never be content in the city. He'll be back on the farm inside of a year, take my word for it."

Owen's heart grew warm again. Perhaps, after all, that would be the outcome, and, with a gallant effort to control his voice, asked:

"Does he mean to go soon, sir?"

"By the end of the month," Mr. Armstrong announced. "He says he wants to get settled down before the fall sets in."

Owen said no more, but in his heart he resolved that howsoever it might be managed he must see Ruth without delay.

He lay awake that night pondering over the problem. All sorts of wild notions about making his way to the window of her room after night-fall, or hiding himself in the shrubbery about the house and watching for her to come out, fermented in his brain, but he did not entertain them seriously. He abhorred any semblance of skulking. His love was as honest and pure as the day, and whatever he did should be fit for the daylight. He respected Ruth's own dignity too much to expose her to the slightest misconception.

He was still in the fog as to the carrying out of his purpose, when Mrs. Armstrong took him aside and said:

"I suppose you would like very much to have a little talk with Ruth, wouldn't you, Owen?"

His face was at once alight with eager hope.

"Oh, yes, indeed," he exclaimed, "and I've been wondering how I could manage it. Her father does seem to keep her so close."

"I think I might manage it for just once," said Mrs. Armstrong, with an encouraging smile. "I'm not perfectly sure, but I'm willing to try."

"Oh, please do—please do," cried Owen. "I'll be awfully obliged to you. I'm just crazy to see Ruth."

"Well, we'll see," responded Mrs. Armstrong. "I'll do my best, you can count upon that."

She would not tell him what her plan was, but promised that no time should be lost in endeavoring to put it into execution. Owen went about with a lighter heart. He had such faith in Mrs. Armstrong that he never doubted she would succeed.

Yet several days passed without her saying anything further, and although his confidence was not shaken, his impatience naturally intensified.

At last the eagerly awaited intimation came. Ruth was going to pay a

brief farewell visit to an aunt who lived some miles distant. She would remain there for the night, and Mrs. Armstrong's shrewd proposal was that Owen should drive her to the aunt's, with whom she was on terms of intimacy, as though she were just making a friendly call. They would, of course, be invited to stay to tea, and, while the old folks entertained each other, Ruth and Owen would be free to make good use of the opportunity.

It all fell out just as Mrs. Armstrong planned, and after tea the lovers slipped into the garden, where a latticed summer-house afforded an admirable trysting-place.

For one whole blissful hour they were left undisturbed. With joy beyond measure would they have doubled or tripled the time, and yet it sufficed for them to attain a perfectly mutual understanding, the recollection of which often served to strengthen their hearts in the weary days of separation.

Ruth told of her father's wrath when she admitted her love for Owen, and how passionately he swore that never, so long as he lived, should she be permitted to marry him. After trying upon her in vain every other influence short of violence, he had then announced his intention of removing her from all opportunity of seeing her lover, and he had absolutely forbidden her to write to him or to receive letters from him. This injunction she felt bound to obey.

"It will be very hard for both of us, I know, Owen," she said. "But he is my father, and I feel that I must do as he says. Still, surely in some way we can manage to hear about each other, and if we are only patient it will all come right in the end."

Owen, on his part, would have had no scruples about carrying on a clandestine correspondence, because he considered Mr. Godfrey's conduct so utterly unreasonable that it was quite justifiable to circumvent him if possible, but he could not bring Ruth round to this view of the case, and he did not urge it with undue vehemence.

All too soon Mrs. Armstrong's gentle voice was heard calling:

"Owen—Owen—we must go now," and after one last, lingering embrace, the joy of their meeting changed into sorrow at parting, they returned to the house.

On the way home Owen thanked Mrs. Armstrong fervently for her thoughtfulness.

"It was so good of you to do this," he said. "I shall never forget how kind you've been to me; but, oh, Mrs. Armstrong, how are we to wait so long? It will be awfully hard for us both, won't it?"

"It will, indeed, Owen," responded Mrs. Armstrong, feelingly. "But you are only young things yet, and you can afford to wait a good while."

Owen sighed heavily as he said:

"That's so, of course; but it's no fun, all the same."

The Godfreys got away without Owen obtaining another glimpse of Ruth, and the poor fellow set himself to facing with manly steadfastness the unpromising future.

Partly in order to distract his thoughts, and partly that he might perfect himself in the business of farming, he threw such energy into his work that even Mr. Armstrong, who never thought of sparing himself, would say, with an amused smile:

"Go easy a bit, Owen. There is no need to kill yourself, my boy."

Whereat Owen would laughingly respond: "Oh, there is no fear of that. I'm not hurting myself. The harder I work the happier I am."

Mr. Armstrong looked approvingly upon him, and would say under his breath:

"He's all right. He'll make his way. If old man Godfrey knew him as well as I do, he'd be thankful to get such a son-in-law."

CHAPTER VII.

INTO THE WEST.

THE days grew into weeks, and the weeks into months, until two years had glided by and Owen came of age.

During this interval the only communication between him and Ruth was an occasional verbal message which Mrs. Armstrong managed to transmit.

Not content with the change to the city, Mr. Godfrey, determined to drive all thoughts of Owen out of his daughter's head, had taken her travelling a good deal, and lavished upon her without stint whatever he thought she might desire.

He had even sought to bring before her other men who were in his opinion fitted to be suitors for her hand, and in fact left no stone unturned to accomplish his purpose.

But through it all Ruth remained as uninfluenced as a boulder is by surging billows. Ever dutiful and unfailingly bright, she showed her appreciation of all that was done for her, yet in her heart Owen ruled supreme, never to be displaced.

The time had now come for Owen to take steps towards starting out for himself. The one hundred pounds given by Mr. Plimsoll still lay in the bank untouched, with added interest, and the big-hearted member of Parliament was so pleased by the favorable accounts which reached him of Owen's industry and intelligent application, that he declared his intention of making the sum up to five hundred pounds whenever Owen was ready to begin farming on his own account.

After the most careful consideration of the whole question, and many a long consultation with the Armstrongs by the light of the evening lamp, it seemed best in every way that the North-West should be the scene of Owen's venture. As Mr. Armstrong put it in his own clear common-sense way:



KARL KNUDSON.

"The North-West is the place for young men. If I were twenty years younger I'd be tempted to move out there myself. The land is almost to be had for the asking. There's no clearing to be done. It's the best wheat country on God's earth, and there's no better crop than wheat. It will be

pretty hard sledding at first maybe, but with ordinary luck, Owen, you ought to be well on your feet by the end of three years, and then,"——and he added with a kindly twinkle of the eye, "you'll have the right to think about asking somebody to share your shack with you."

The warm color flooded Owen's face, and his eyes shone with the happy light of hope, as he sprang up and exclaimed:

"That's it, sir; that's it. In three years, if all goes well, I'll be on my feet. I'm awfully sorry to leave you. You've all been so good to me," and here he looked particularly at Mrs. Armstrong. "But I've got to strike out for myself, and the sooner the better now."

The parting with the Armstrongs proved almost as sorrowful an occasion as the leaving home had been. Oaklands had become a second home to him, and the years spent there would always remain a happy memory.

A bright clear morning in early spring found Owen sauntering up Main Street in the city of Winnipeg, gazing with mingled surprise and pleasure at the evidences of wealth and progress which presented themselves at every step. He had not expected to find so handsome a city, thronged with well-dressed people who seemed to be in such a whirl of business, and not until an unmistakable Indian passed by on moccasined feet, and shortly afterwards a half-breed appeared driving a queer looking ox in a Red River cart, did he realize that he was really in the prairie capital which had grown to greatness within his own life-time.

Mr. Armstrong had furnished him with a letter of introduction to an old friend in Winnipeg, and Owen's first business was to present it. He found Mr. Campbell with little difficulty, and, as soon as the letter was read, received from him a hearty welcome.

"Mr. Armstrong speaks very warmly of you," he said. "And I'm sure I shall be most glad to be of service to you in any way. Now, there is plenty of room in my house, and if you will have your traps sent up there, you needn't go to the hotel at all."

Without demur Owen accepted the kind invitation. He felt lonely in the bustling city, and it would be very pleasant to be surrounded by friends at once.

As they sat at dinner that evening, and Owen noted with keen appreciation how elegant were the appointments of the table, Mr. Campbell said:

"I would advise you not to be in a hurry about deciding upon a location. By looking about and making enquiries you may hit upon a bargain that would be to your interest to jump at. In the meantime just make yourself at home here."

Such pleasant advice was easy to take, and Owen expressed his gratitude for it, being not at all loath to spend a few days in the city before going out upon the prairie.

Ere the end of the week, Mr. Campbell had good news for him. A young Englishman, who had taken up land not far from Brandon some years ago, and made a very fair start there, through the death of his eldest brother had come into fine estates, and was ready to sell his holding with everything on it at a great sacrifice.

"It's such a chance as does not happen often," said Mr. Campbell. "The land is first-class, the location ditto. You can take up the next section free when you feel like it, and you'll have a property good enough for any man."

"How much does he want for it?" asked Owen anxiously, for he feared lest the price might be beyond him.

"He'll take two thousand dollars cash for the whole outfit—land, buildings, stock and implements. Can you manage that?"

Owen thought earnestly for a moment. To pay out that amount would leave him only a few hundred dollars capital, and how would he live until he got his first crop?

Divining the cause of his hesitation, Mr. Campbell hastened to add:

"Look here; if you'll pay a thousand dollars cash I'll advance the other thousand until it is convenient for you to repay it. How will that suit you?"

Owen's face lit up. That would suit him perfectly, and he was quick to say so, at the same time thanking his friend for this offer.

Thus the matter was arranged, and a few days later he was the proud possessor of one hundred and sixty acres of land, most of it already broken, a house, a barn, some sheds, a pair of horses, a yoke of oxen, and a few farming implements.

It is true that the house was only a rather roomy and substantial shack, and the outbuildings would have given an English farmer a shock, while the horses and oxen were by no means high grade stock. But all of them, except the implements, were in good condition, and, looking over his possessions with a delicious sense of ownership, Owen saw in them the promise of the time when Ruth Godfrey should be the queen of his realm.

As he could not do all the work himself, it was necessary to secure a hired man to assist, and at the Immigration Office in Winnipeg he engaged a Swede to fill the place.

Karl Knudson was a splendid specimen of humanity. He stood over six feet in height and had the thews and sinews of a Hercules. Rather slow of brain but sound of heart, he would be faithful unto death to a master he loved; yet beneath his stolid exterior there slumbered a volcano of passion that would break forth if he thought he were being wronged.

Mr. Campbell, who had accompanied Owen to the office, after looking Karl over carefully, drew Owen aside to say:

"If I'm any judge of human nature, that young giant will prove a trea-



sure, provided you handle him right. Don't let him ever forget that you're his boss, but at the same time treat him kindly and liberally, and he'll be worth his weight in gold."

As the sequel showed, Mr. Campbell read the young man's nature aright, and Owen did not forget the wise counsel.

A few days later, on one of those glorious spring mornings when the pure clear air and glowing sunshine set every nerve a-tingling with joyous life, Owen and Karl began to drive their first furrow. A warm breeze from the Pacific had found its way across the Rockies, and rippled the dried grasses, while the vast prairie, stretching out endlessly to all points of the compass, was dappled with moving shadows by the snowy clouds that scudded across the face of the sun.

Owen drove the horse team, and Karl the oxen. The animals all worked well, and, as with soft greasy swish and the crackle of the dried stubble, the mouldboard rolled aside the dark rich loam which nature had prepared through the countless centuries of growth and decay of lush grasses, Owen sang aloud for joy. Every furrow turned brought Ruth nearer, he thought, and through the long day while the coulter sheared its guiding line, and the steady trampling of hoofs mingled with the soft curl of clods, he exulted in his young strength and unquenchable love,

Karl proved a tireless and intelligent helper. He had been born and brought up on a farm, and quickly adapted himself to the new conditions, doing his work so well that Owen again and again congratulated himself upon his good fortune in getting him.

The plowing being finished, the disc harrows were used to rend the clods, and then the soil was ready for the seed.

Now, one reason why Owen did not want to pay out too much of his money for the farm at the outset was that, in accordance with Mr. Armstrong's doctrine, he determined to have as complete an outfit of machines as he could manage, and one of the things upon which he had set his heart was a shoe drill and seeder such as was made by the Massey-Harris people in Toronto.

It would cost a good bit of money, but Owen felt sure it would soon pay for itself, so he bought one in Brandon, and went to work with it as gaily as a child plays with a new toy. Karl at first could not understand the machine at all. He had always been accustomed to seeing grain seed sown by hand, and this wonderful contrivance which did it so much better seemed something almost uncanny.

He did not fail to appreciate the immense saving of time and strength, however, and he evidently deemed himself fortunate in having come to a country where the people were so progressive.

While they toiled from dawn to dark, Owen was often tempted to run to the house for his double-barrel as "the air was filled with the beat of wings and in skeins, wedges, and crescents, the wild fowl, varying from tiny butter duck to the big brant goose and stately crane, went by on their journey from the bayoux by the sunny gulf to the newly-thawed tundra mosses beside the Polar Sea."

But he stuck to his task. Every minute of the daylight was precious, and he would not think of sport until his crop was harvested.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE REAPING OF THE HARVEST.

AFTER the sowing of the seed came a rest from the agricultural labors, of which Owen took advantage to tinker up the house and outbuildings. His predecessor had not given them much attention, and they needed many repairs. Owen accordingly purchased a load of lumber and some pots of paint, and, with Karl's effective assistance, wrought a decided improvement in the appearance of the establishment, both inside and out. He also added some comforts in the way of chairs and pictures, and even hung cretonne curtains at the hitherto bare windows.

"One might as well look a little bit civilized, even if there isn't a woman about to keep things straight," he soliloquized. "I'm not much of a hand at decorating, but I like to have pretty things around, and cretonne is cheap and a little of it goes a long way."

Meanwhile the warm breath of summer was bringing out a flush of delicate green upon the brown surface of the sod, and Owen's first proceeding every morning was to closely scrutinize the tender shoots to see how fast his grain was growing.

The chief ornament to the place was a fine clump of white birches, close beside which the house had been built, and, desiring a distinctive name for his property, he had decided upon "Bircham," because of them.

They were now in full leaf, and already afforded a welcome shade from the sun's heat when he could spare a few minutes to spend amongst them.

He got along famously with Karl. The big fellow was as steady as he was strong, and, soon realizing that his young master had no disposition to treat him as a mere hireling, but as a fellow Christian, he seemed to have no other thought than that of giving satisfaction in his work.

Fortunately, he developed quite a knack for cooking, and Owen was thus spared what he would have found hardest—the preparation of their simple meals.

As the wheat grew taller, the lush grass on those portions of the farm that had not been seeded lost its vivid green, and ripened for the mower, which Owen drove through it exultantly, saying to himself, as the machine swiftly cut wide swaths through the crisp herbage:

"This beats the scythe all hollow. Who'd ever think of swinging a scythe when they can sit up comfortably behind a span of horses, and cut more hay in a day than a scythe could in a week?"

Another pleasant feature of the business was that the hay required little making. The hot sun had soon prepared it for stacking, and within a day or two after it was cut it could be loaded on to the Bain wagon and drawn away.

Early and late the two young men toiled, and there was not a more contented couple in the whole prairie, for, although Owen's heart hungered for Ruth, he comforted it by the thought that he was winning his way towards her, and that every day brought nearer the time when she would be mistress of Bircham.

In the cool of the evening, when rest came so sweet after the hard day's work in the glowing sun, he would amuse himself by imagining that one of the white birches was her slender form, and talk to it as though she were really present.

Karl, once overhearing him, was quite alarmed. He feared lest his young master might be wandering in his mind, and, unable to bear the



*"... and cut more hay in a day
than a scythe could in a week."*

suspense, managed in a clumsy way to reveal his anxiety.

Owen was at first annoyed at his pleasant fancy being broken in upon, but the next moment he discerned the true situation, and, breaking into a hearty laugh which completely reassured Karl, he said:

"Oh, Karl, my good fellow, take my advice and don't fall in love. It's a sad business, I assure you. Just make up your mind to be an old bachelor all your life. It will save you a lot of bother."

Karl smiled again, but shook his head in mild protest. He had no thought of spending his days in single blessedness. So soon as he got a foothold in the North-West, he intended to write for a certain blue-eyed, flaxen-haired maiden in far-away Sweden to come out and share his good fortune, consequently Owen's philosophy found no response in him.

Thus the days drew on to harvest, and as the tall grain with its well-filled ears rippled and nodded in the breeze, Owen's heart throbbed with joy

and pride. Neither withering drought nor premature frost had interfered, and, when the day so eagerly anticipated arrived, Owen climbed into the seat of a brand new binder, a superb machine not long from the Massey-Harris factory, and chattered gaily to his willing team.

As the thick-standing golden grain succumbed to the sharp knives of the binder the canvas elevators quickly conveyed it to the knottter, whence it emerged in the shape of neatly-tied sheaves, Karl looking on with open-mouthed amazement and admiration.

He had never seen anything like it before, and the almost human intelligence of the machine staggered his comprehension. He gaped and he gasped until Owen nearly fell off his seat with laughing at him, and as Karl picked up one of the sheaves and examined it intently, bewildered at the neatness of the knot which had not been tied by human fingers, he shouted to him :

"You needn't be afraid of it, Karl. There's no black magic about it. You'll soon get used to it."

Whereat Karl smiled gravely, and shook his head as though to say :

"This Canada's a curious country. There's no knowing what they can't do with their wonderful machines."

After the cutting, came the threshing, and for this operation Owen secured the services of a Sawyer & Massey threshing machine and portable engine, which he had been told by the neighbors would do his work satisfactorily and well.

Hard as the two young men had worked already, their strength was still further taxed during the threshing time, when the whole place seemed to vibrate with the hum of the huge machine which kept everybody's energies pushed to the utmost to supply its insatiable demands.

The men in charge of it had to be fed moreover, and Owen, that his hospitality might not be discredited, was fain to pluck fowls and peel potatoes in order that the slow-moving Swede might not be hopelessly belated with the meals.

But it was joyous work nevertheless, and as the heap of plump white bags grew higher Owen's heart waxed gladder, for it seemed to him that upon this first harvest his future hung.

At last it was all done. The threshermen, with their bill paid in full, departed well pleased, and, for the first time since he had taken possession of Bircham, Owen felt that he could rest with an easy mind.

"Oh, Karl!" he exclaimed, exultantly, as he patted the pyramid of grain, "the game is worth the candle, isn't it? Just to think that this is my wheat, raised on my own land, cut by my own machines, and that the value of it is more than sufficient to pay every bill I owe, and to leave me enough for a good start next year. It makes me think of a text I heard my father

preach from once; it goes something like this: 'Behold the lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places, and I have a goodly heritage.'

Karl grinned in hearty comprehension, and said in his deliberate way:

"It is a good country—yes. I am glad I did come here—yes. I will write and tell my people to come here also. It is better than Sweden—although there are no mountains, and no sea," and into his blue eyes there came the far-away look of one whose love for the home-land lingers long after the conviction has come that the new world is better than the old.

When the first frost had hardened the roads they loaded the grain upon their Bain wagons, from which they had already had such good service, and drew it to the elevator, where it was at once converted into cash.



"... secured the services of a Sawyer & Massey threshing machine."

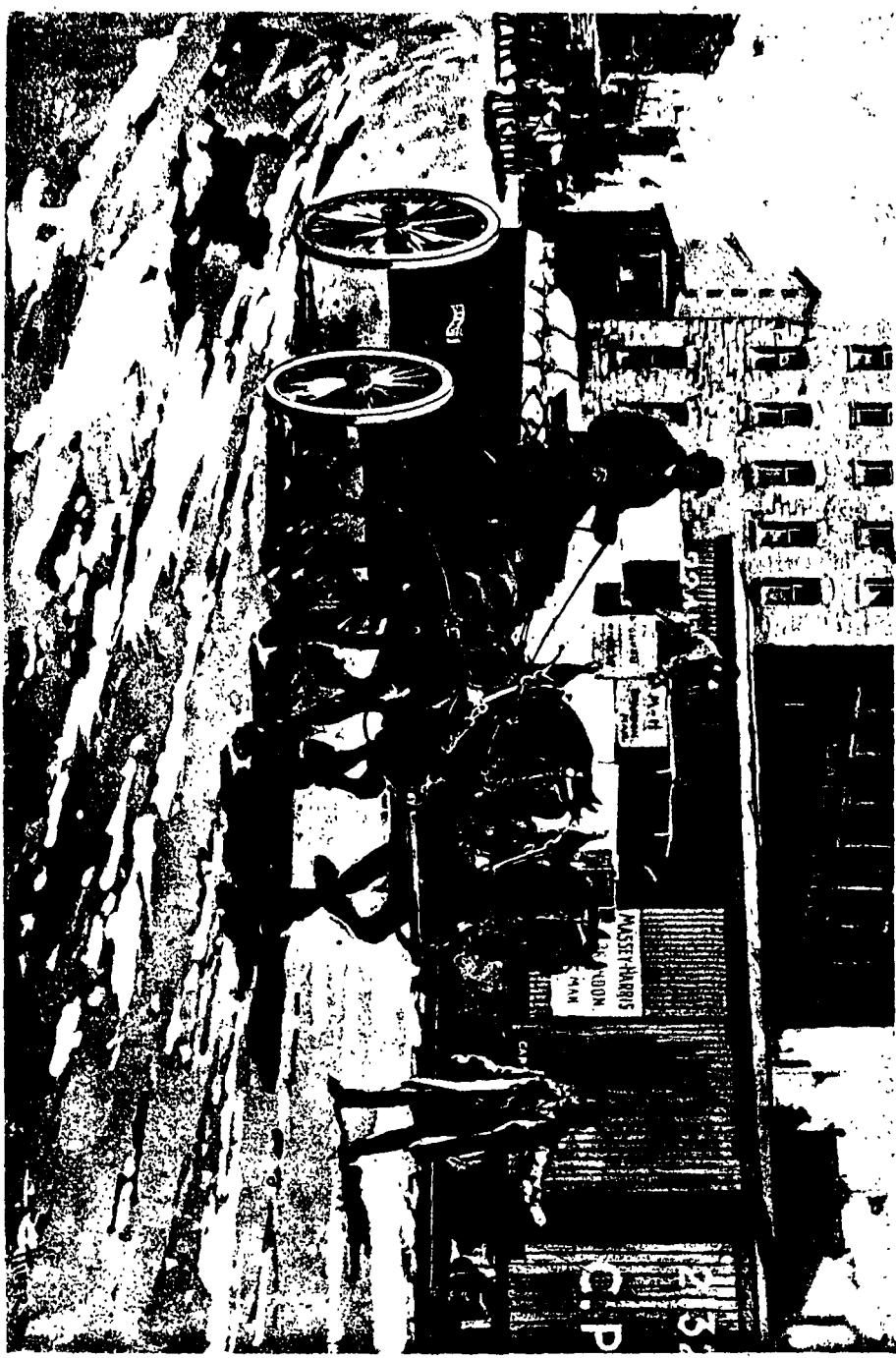
The roll of bank notes was quite an inspiring one, and as Owen stowed it away in his innermost pocket, for it was too late to deposit it in the bank at Brandon, the thought flashed into his mind: "How dreadful it would be to be robbed of what I've worked so hard to make!"

But it gave him no concern, for he felt sure that he and Karl were quite able to take care of a few thousand dollars.

By way of a treat after all their toil and primitive living, Owen and Karl partook of the finest dinner that was to be had in the best hotel in the town, and, oh, how he did enjoy the snowy linen, the sparkling glass, the shining silver, the deliciously cooked dainties, and the deft service! Even Karl showed appreciation of the unwonted elegance and luxury, amusing Owen by his childlike wonder at it all.

They lingered long at the table, for it was a thoroughly pleasant experience to both of them, and it was, consequently, well on in the evening before they set out for home.

... they loaded the grain upon their Pain Wagons ... and drove it to the elevator. "



1

Not a star shone in the sky, and a piercing wind blew across the prairie, so that they huddled up in their big fur coats, and urged the team to their best speed, for they certainly had no disposition to prolong the drive.

The next day Owen rode into Brandon with his money, and exultingly mailed a letter to his good friend, Mr. Campbell, informing him that he was now prepared to pay off the advance he had so kindly made him.

The winter passed far more rapidly and pleasantly than Owen had imagined it would. There was always something to do each day about the place. The drive to Brandon over the crisp, sparkling snow could be enjoyed even when the mercury sank away below zero, for there was usually not a breath of wind stirring. Several of the neighbors were quite congenial, and jolly visits were made and returned.

Then in the evenings there were letters to write and papers and books read. Moreover Owen undertook the task of instructing Karl in the three R's, and found him an earnest and industrious, if somewhat slow, pupil, who was deeply grateful for the assistance, so that master and man were knit still more closely together in bonds of mutual regard and respect.

When spring came again Owen felt justified in enlarging his acreage and buying an additional span of horses. All the new land that he broke he sowed with flax, and the rest with wheat and oats as before.

The season was again favorable to a good crop, and the months went by with little change from the previous year except an increase of responsibility.

He and Karl were not equal to handling the crop without assistance, and he engaged another man, one of the Mennonites from Russia, a silent, although not at all sullen, fellow, with a sturdy frame, who would work right on from dawn until dark without a break except for meals.

"I've struck oil again," said Owen to himself, after the new hand had been with him a week. "Serge isn't a beauty to look at, and he hasn't much to say for himself, but he works like a piece of machinery. I'll take good care to keep him as long as I can."

In connection with the Fall Fair at Brandon there was an announcement that particularly interested Owen, namely, the offering of a handsome prize for the best work done with a binder.

Now, Owen was very proud of his machine, and had taken the keenest interest in studying its workings, looking after it as carefully as other young men do their bicycles, until he felt that he understood this wonderful triumph of human ingenuity perhaps better than most people who used it. He accordingly determined to enter the competition.

"It seems like awful cheek for me to do it," he said to Karl, "considering what a green hand I am at the business, but perhaps my team will help me out."

The team to which he referred was the purchase made in the spring—a

pair of well-matched blacks with white stars in their foreheads, whose hearts he had won by kindly treatment, so that they quickly responded to the slightest pull of the rein or sound of his voice.

The finest of weather favored the Fair, and Owen so arranged matters at Bircham that all of them would be free to spend the day in enjoying the festivities.

He took the wise precaution to haul his binder to the scene of the competition the night before, and to leave it there in charge of Karl, who would take good care that nobody meddled with it.

The following morning he gave to seeing the various exhibits, and especially the farming implements, of which there was a fine show, and to extending his circle of acquaintance, for, of course, the handsome young city swarmed with visitors, and then, early in the afternoon, began to prepare for the contest which was billed to take place at three o'clock.

With minutest care he examined every part of his machine, tightening a nut here, and another there, seeing to it that the elevator chain ran true over the sprockets, and that every friction point was thoroughly oiled.

Then he took his team in hand, going over every part of the harness, and assuring himself that there were no weak spots which might give way at a critical moment.

At length he was satisfied that nothing remained but for him to do his best.

"I know I've got the right machine, and I think I have as good a team as any of the other chaps," he said to Karl. "But that doesn't say I'm going to win, all the same. I've got to buck up against men who were running these machines when I was a baby."

Karl smiled reassuringly. He entertained no doubt as to the result. In his mind there was not the match of his young master in the whole countryside.

CHAPTER IX.

A DOUBLE TRIUMPH.

THE number of entries for the binder competition was fairly large, and embraced not only a goodly number of Canadian-made machines, but several of foreign make, whose virtues, real or imaginary, had been heralded by much bumptious advertising and a good deal of bluster.

The scene of the contest was a field of grain on the outskirts of the town that admirably suited the purpose. It contained about ten acres, and was a true parallelogram, upon which the wheat stood tall and straight with fine fat heads.

Each competitor had his oblong block of grain to cut. The work was





THE BINDER TRIAL—THE FINAL SWATH.

to be judged by the time taken, the evenness of the cut, the straightness of the line and the neatness of the sheaves, so that the good qualities of both the machine and its driver would be tried.

After the usual delay the first machine began its course. It was of Canadian manufacture, and did very good work; so the experienced spectators looked at one another approvingly when it returned to the starting point.

Several other aspirants then made their essay without causing Owen serious apprehension. Either their line was crooked or their cuts slovenly, or their sheaves imperfect.

Then came the turn of the much vaunted foreign machines; but to the general surprise, and in spite of the clever management of the experts who had been brought to operate them, their work failed to secure the sympathy of the farmers present. One machine choked several times in the heavy grain, and missed tying a number of sheaves; while another would not cut close to the ground, and bore heavily on the horses' necks.

Owen's turn came last, and when with throbbing pulse and beating heart he drove to the starting line, his handsome face and stalwart figure at once won for him the sympathy of the spectators, but his manifest youthfulness, and the fact that he was an Englishman, while it made him more interesting, caused the knowing ones to shake their heads very sceptically.

"He's a real smart lad, I'll allow," said one of them—and he reflected the opinion of the majority—"but he's got too tough a proposition to handle this time, if I'm not greatly mistaken."

Almost as distinctly in Owen's mind's eye as if she were actually present was the vision of Ruth smiling brightly upon him, and he drew himself together, murmuring:

"I may not win, but I shan't come out last anyway."

The signal to start was given, and he threw the machine into gear.

The perfectly-shaped sheaves fell behind him in a regular stream, and the motion of the great machine was as steady as the ticking of a clock.

"The lad's doing great work," said one of the greybeards. "If he keeps it up to the end he'll give the other chaps a hard run for it."

Never lifting his eyes from his work, Owen kept on, pushing his horses to the utmost speed that was consistent with a clean cut of the dense grain.

At last, with a sigh of relief, he reached the end of the line, and deftly turning the binder, started in on the home-stretch.

"I'm sure I've done as well as any of them so far," he whispered to himself. "Now if I can only finish all right."

The black beauties before him were pulling as steadily as steam-engines and needed no slash of whip to keep them to their work. They seemed to thoroughly realize the importance of the occasion, and never swerved a foot from the straight line along which Owen drove them.

Nearer and nearer drew the goal, and Owen, glancing toward it for a moment, divined from the intent faces of the judges and timekeepers that his chance was particularly good.

Owen kept a tight rein, and his horses needed but little urging as they almost trotted along with the handsome machine which was doing such excellent work. In fact, from time to time Owen found it necessary to restrain them.

Presently the finish was just before him, and letting his team loose he swept over the line amid the hearty cheers of the excited spectators.

"The best time by a full minute" was the prompt announcement of the timekeepers; and then it remained for the judges to go over the course and inspect the work in detail.

After an anxious interval they returned, conferred together briefly, and announced that Owen Hallam was a clear winner in every point in the competition.

The roar of applause which greeted their decision showed that Owen's victory was an entirely popular one, and when, in response to the congratulations showered upon him, he modestly said, "It's all in the machine—there's nothing better on earth than the Massey-Harris," the chorus of assent made it plain that the machine was no less popular than the man.

The gold medal that constituted his prize ever held a chief place among his choicest treasures.

A month later, when Owen was at the far end of his holding considering how many more acres to sow in wheat the following spring, Karl came rushing up, all out of breath.

"Why, what's up?" Owen asked. "Is the house on fire?"

Karl smiled and shook his head.

"Some people," he panted. "An old man and a young woman. They have come to see you."

A strange thrill shot through Owen at these words. On the full run he reached the house, and, dashing around the corner, almost collided with a carriage in which sat Ruth Godfrey and her father!

Overwhelmed with joy, and out of breath, he could only gasp: "How did you come? Oh, I'm so glad!" and then stand there gazing with wondering ecstatic eyes.

Ruth, blushing like the dawn, held out her dainty hand, and marvellous to relate, even old Mr. Godfrey's usually grim countenance bore an unmistakably genial expression.

"We came in this carriage," responded Ruth with a radiant smile. "Won't you ask us to alight?"

Owen quickly tugged open the carriage door.

"My place isn't just in shape for receiving ladies," he apologized, find-

ing it no easy matter to restrain the impulse to clasp Ruth to his heart. "But then you know I wasn't expecting you."

"I hope we're none the less welcome on that account," Ruth retorted archly; and now that they were out of sight of the farm hands, Owen, unable to hold himself in check any longer, implanted a kiss upon the rosy lips.

Yet the smile upon Mr. Godfrey's face did not change into a scowl.

Merrily did their tongues wag then, and soon the mystery was made clear. It seemed that during the year Mr. Godfrey had drawn dangerously near the Valley of the Shadow, and that during his long illness Ruth had nursed him with unremitting devotion. Indeed the physician would have it that it was her tender care that had won the old man back from the edge of the grave. This experience had brought father and daughter very close together and changed his point of view. Henceforth not his own pride, but her happiness alone, should be considered, and her happiness meant Owen's.

So they had come all the way out to the North-West to tell him.

The sequel may be briefly told. The Godfreys remained in Brandon for a fortnight, while the faithful Karl and Serge looked after the farm. Meanwhile the future was planned out. The marriage would be at the old home in Ontario early in January, and then Owen would take his lovely bride over-sea, that his people might see what a prize he had won.

In the spring they would return to Bircham, by which time a more fitting dwelling would be ready for them, and Ruth's parents would come to live in Brandon, Mr. Godfrey having decided that the North-West was good enough for him to spend the remainder of his days in.

With the ample dowry bestowed upon Ruth, Owen could enlarge his holding to the extent of an entire section, and thus have an estate which would afford him scope for operations on a large scale.

It all fell out just as they planned. In due time they were back at Bircham, and, through Owen's influence, others of his countrymen came out to settle in the district, so that their circle of congenial neighbors expanded, and thus life grew ever more attractive, especially as the peerless music of children's voices made itself heard with increasing volume, while the passing years touched lightly Ruth's winsome grace and Owen's stalwart comeliness.

THE END.



MASSEY-HARRIS DRILLS

The Massey-Harris Hoe Drill and Broadcast Seeder is equipped with Gears at either end of the Drive

Shaft. By this means the wheel which is revolving the faster when turning a corner drives the Feed Run.

A Grass Seed Box is attached to rear of Grain Box as shown in cut. Cultivating Teeth can be substituted for the Hoes quickly and easily.



The reason the Hoes on the Massey-Harris Drill do not break is that they are fitted with Lock Spring Devices which enable the Hoes to rise over obstructions as shown here and cause them to return to their former position without damage.

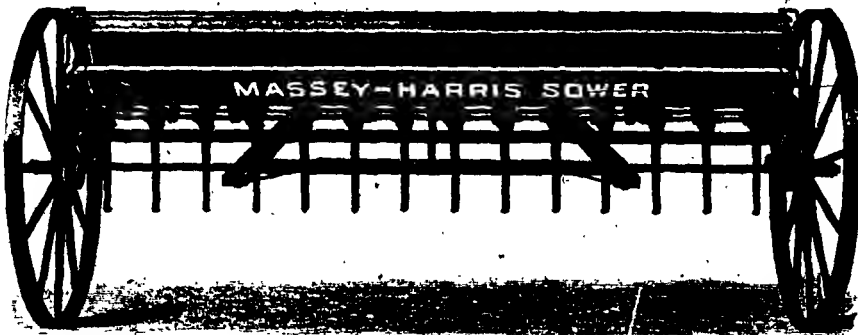
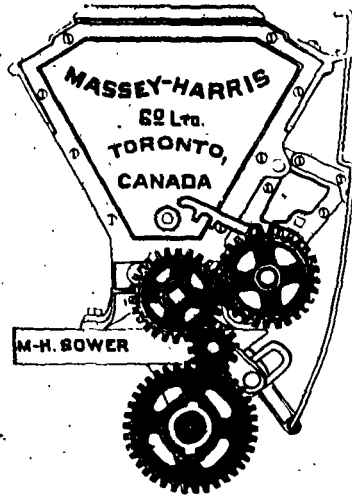


MASSEY-HARRIS SOWERS.

The Massey-Harris Sower is fitted with shafts for one horse. It is light and strong.

The Gearing shown in the accompanying cut is the same at either end of the drive shaft; so that the riding wheel, which runs the faster when the machine is rounding a corner, is the one which drives the Feed Run.

The rod at the rear of the box is for throwing machine in and out of gear. It is very handy and can be operated while driver is on box.



The Sower is fitted with 14 Feed Runs.

The Scattering Tubes are entirely of metal and fitted with a patented Safety Spring to prevent breakage if obstructions are encountered.

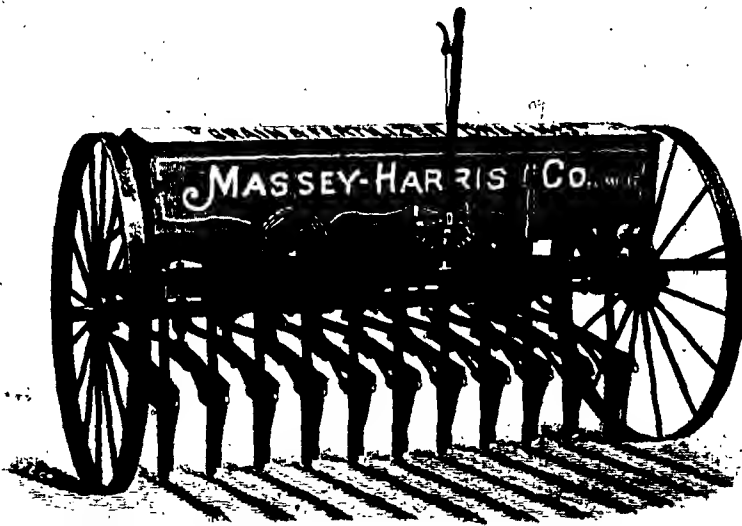
The Feed run is similar to that on the Massey-Harris No. 1 Hoe Drill. There is no crushing or splitting of the seed in passing through the Runs.

MASSEY-HARRIS

Grain and Fertilizer Drill.

Canadian farmers would achieve better results if they used artificial manures more freely. There are many farms which would undoubtedly be benefitted by the use of phosphates and superphosphates.

The Massey-Harris Grain and Fertilizer Drill is specially adapted for sowing fertilizers.



MASSEY-HARRIS 11-HOE FERTILIZER DRILL.

The machine is built to withstand all the strain that it will be called upon to endure.

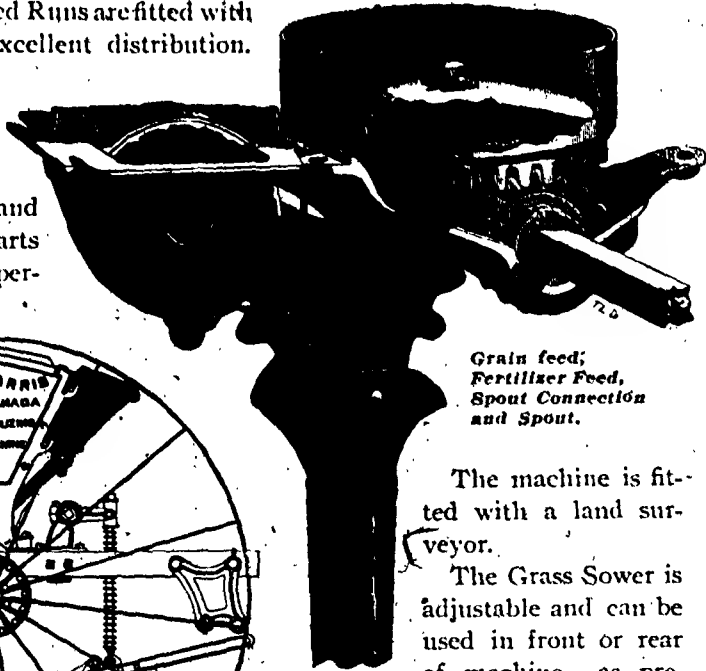
This is a feature of the entire productions of Massey-Harris Company, Limited. Solidity and strength are to be found in them all.

The wheels of this Drill are of steel with a 3-in. face tire.

MASSEY-HARRIS GRAIN AND FERTILIZER DRILL.

The Fertilizer Feed Runs are fitted with cups which give excellent distribution.

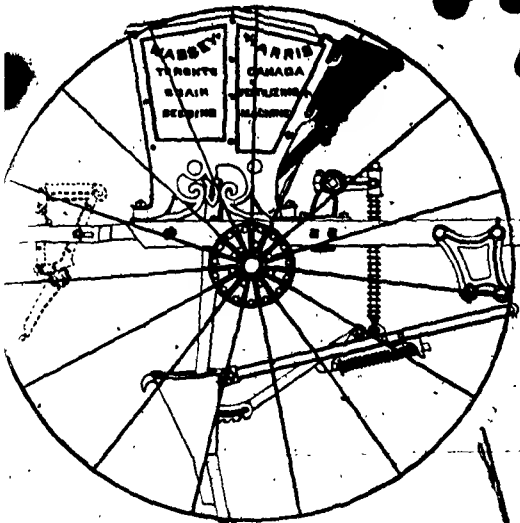
The range of distribution runs from 10 to 30 quarts per acre, sowing phosphates, and from 30 to 105 quarts per acre sowing super-phosphates.



Grain feed;
Fertilizer Feed,
Spout Connection
and Spout.

The machine is fitted with a land surveyor.

The Grass Sower is adjustable and can be used in front or rear of machine, as preferred.



Showing Sower on Front and Rear.

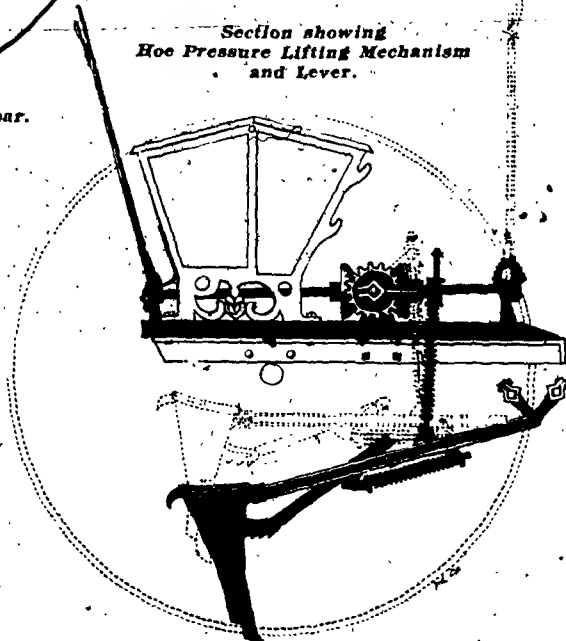
When used in front it sows the grass seed in the drills with the grain; when used behind it sows it broadcast.

The Safety Locking Device is similar to that on the Massey-Harris Hoe Drill illustrated in detail on another page.

Both Drive wheels transmit power, insuring regular seeding.

The Grain, Fertilizer, and Grass Runs are all driven from the Axle, so that any one of them can be thrown out of gear independently of the other.

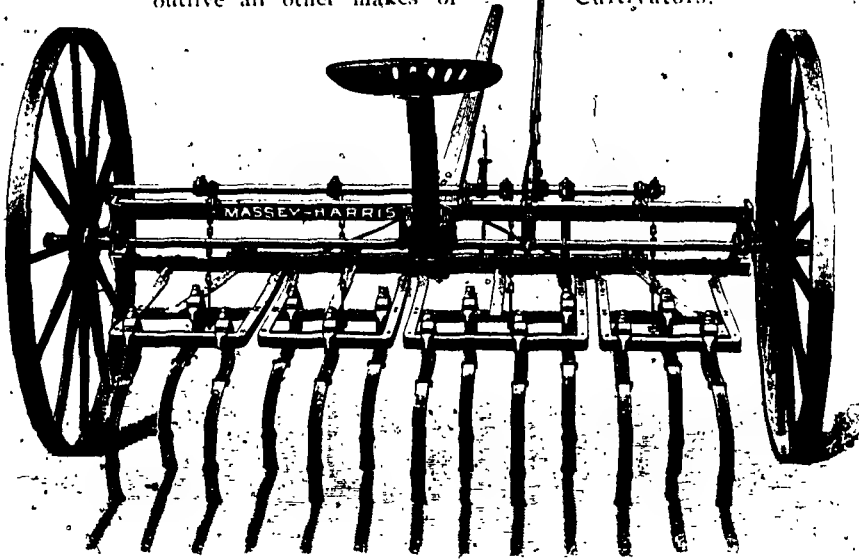
Section showing
Hoe Pressure Lifting Mechanism
and Lever.



MASSEY-HARRIS CULTIVATORS AND SEEDERS

are used by the leading farmers of the world
well and strongly built, do their work
outlive all other makes of

solely because they are
excellently, and
Cultivators.



MASSEY-HARRIS CULTIVATOR—10 and 13 Teeth.

The aim of MASSEY-HARRIS COMPANY,
public only such machines as they can consci-
good value for the money asked.

Limited, is to offer to the
*entiously guarantee to be



MASSEY-HARRIS CULTIVATOR AND SEEDER.

MASSEY-HARRIS

Cultivators and Seeders.

The Massey-Harris Cultivator is supplied with either 10 or 13 Teeth, as ordered.

The 10-Tooth implement cultivates 4 ft. 3 in. wide.

The 13-Tooth implement cultivates 5 ft. 6 in. wide.

Trees can be furnished for two, three or four horses according to order.

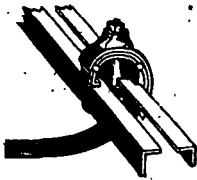
The Teeth have Reversible Points, so that when one end of point becomes worn, it can be turned around, thereby doubling the life of the point.

4-in., 6-in. and 7½-in. Weeder Points can be supplied if required. These, of course, are not reversible.

The Teeth of the 10-Tooth Cultivator are attached to three different Sections—the 13-Tooth to four different Sections.

Each Section has an individual flat steel Pressure Spring.

The individual Sections adapt themselves to uneven ground.



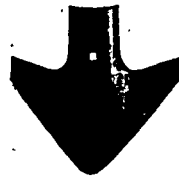
Movable Tooth-Seat for Spacing the Teeth to suit different kinds of Cultivating.



4-inch.



6-inch.

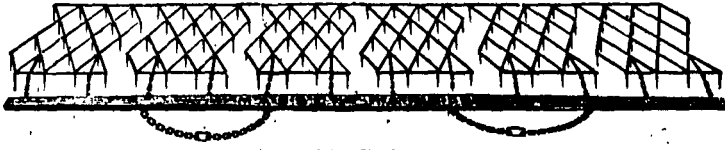


7-inch.

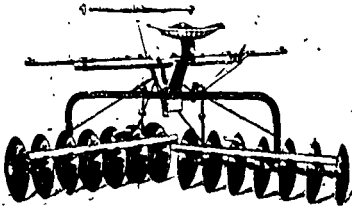
The Lever has a strong Pressure Spring attached to it. By means of this the raising or lowering of the Teeth is made easy. The Spring also serves to force the Teeth into the ground and give increased depth of cultivation.

MASSEY-HARRIS

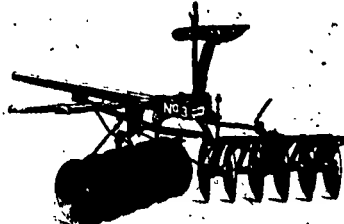
WORLD FAMOUS HARROWS.



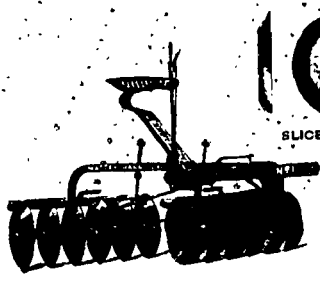
DIAMOND SPIKE-TOOTH HARROW



DISC HARROW No. 2 (Non-Reversible).



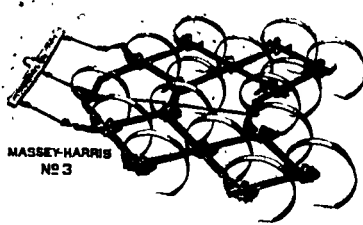
REVERSIBLE DISC HARROW No. 3.



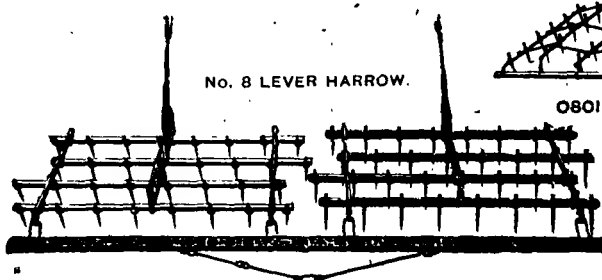
No. 1 DISC.



SLICER DISC.



STEEL FRAME SPRING-TOOTH HARROW.



No. 8 LEVER HARROW.



MASSEY-HARRIS NO. 10
OSCILLATING HARROW

MASSEY-HARRIS HARROWS.

EVERY VARIETY FOR EVERY KIND OF SOIL.

SPIKE-TOOTH HARROWS

REVERSIBLE AND NON-REVERSIBLE DISC HARROWS

SPRING-TOOTH HARROWS

OSCILLATING HARROWS

SPIKE-TOOTH LEVER HARROWS

Diamond Spike-Tooth Harrow

Supplied in any number of sections. Two-section Harrow covers 6 ft. 6 in wide; six-section Harrow covers 20 ft. wide. Four thousand three-section Harrows just supplied by Massey-Harris co. for the Transvaal Government.

Reversible and Non-Reversible Disc Harrows

The No. 1 Disc Harrow is fitted with 12 Non-Reversible Discs.
The No. 2 Disc Harrow is fitted with 14 Non-Reversible Discs.
The No. 3 Disc Harrow is fitted with 12 Reversible Discs.

Spring-Tooth Harrows

The No. 1 Spring-Tooth Harrow is made for one horse and has only 12 Teeth.

The No. 3 (shown in cut on opposite page) has 16 Teeth.

The No. 4 is very similar to the No. 3 except that it has 18 Teeth.

No. 10 Oscillating Harrow

This Harrow is flexible and specially suited to stony land or land with deep furrows or ridges. Sold in three sizes—9, 11 and 13 Bulls.

No. 8 Lever Harrow

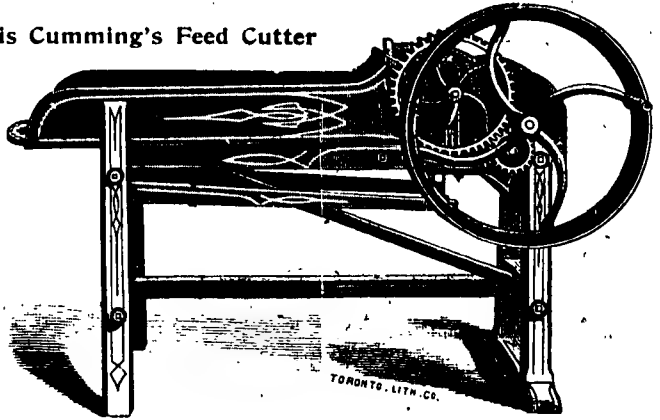
In two, three or four sections. Two-section Harrow covers 9 ft. 8 in. wide; four-section Harrow covers 11 ft. 4 in. wide.

MASSEY-HARRIS Straw, Feed and Root Cutters.

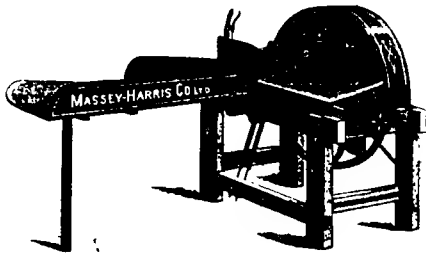
The Massey-Harris Cumming's Feed Cutter

can be operated by hand or power as desired and can be driven either by knuckle or pulley.

It cuts the feed in $\frac{3}{8}$, $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{3}{4}$, 1 and 2-in. lengths and is fitted with Roller Bearings.



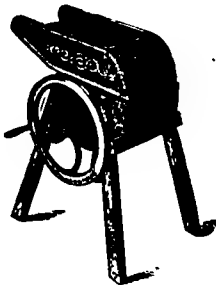
Massey-Harris Cumming's Feed Cutter.



*No. 2 Straw Cutter
(POWER)*

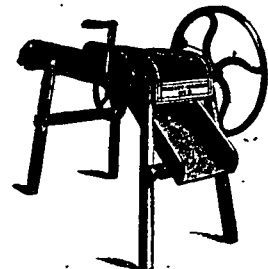
The Massey-Harris No. 2 Straw Cutter

will cut in three different lengths and is operated by belt power.



*No. 1 Root Cutter and Pulper
(CONCAVE CYLINDER)*

By reversing the knives the machine can be used for slicing or pulping.

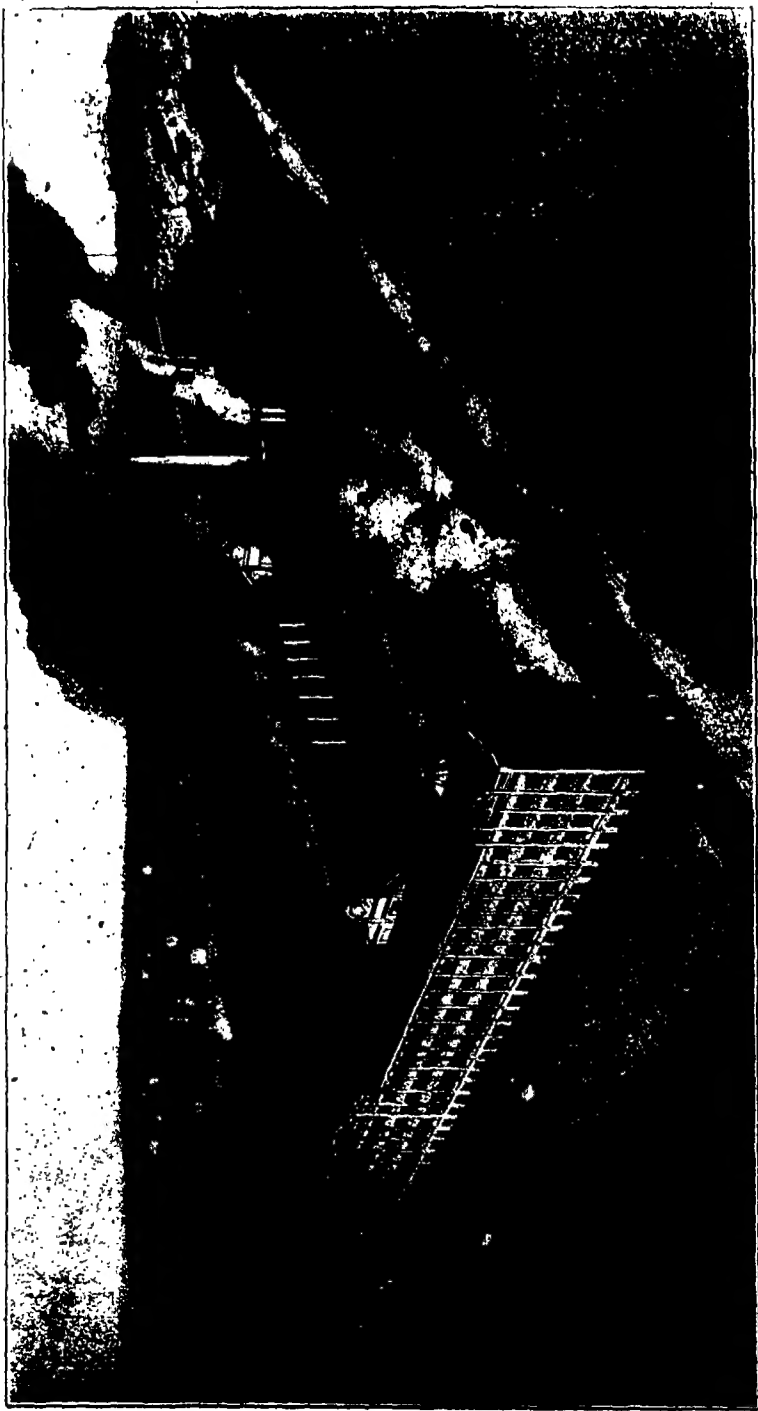


*No. 8 Straw Cutter
(HAND)*

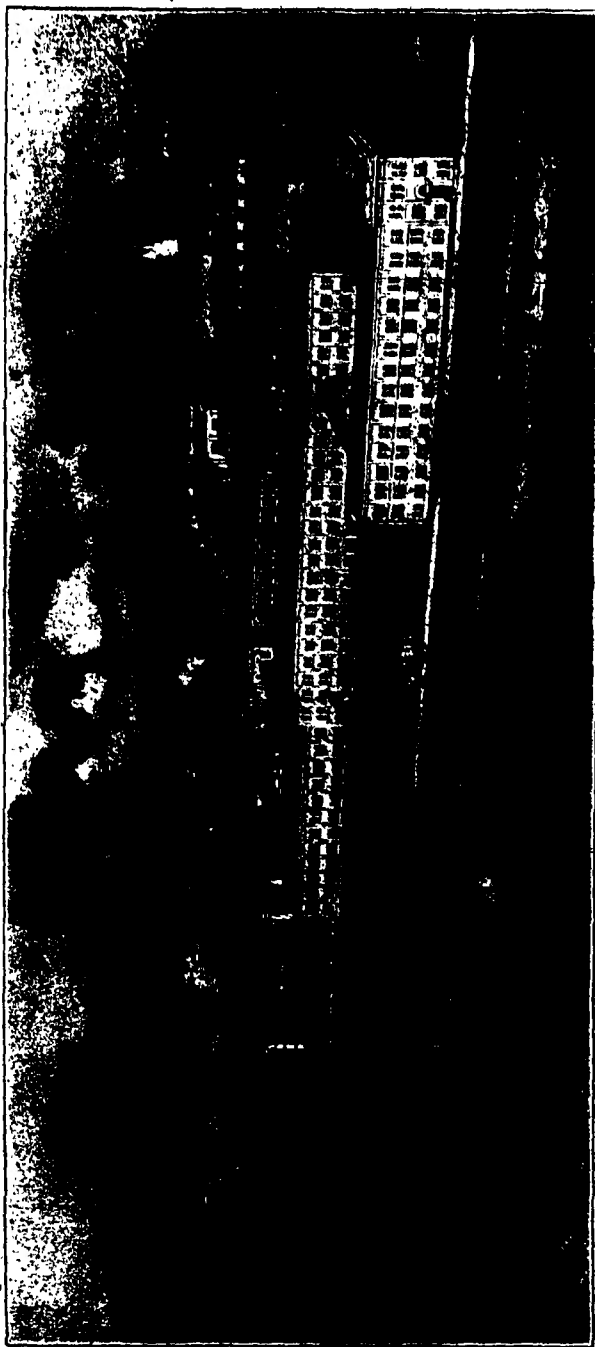
Will cut in four different lengths from half to one-and-a-half inches.



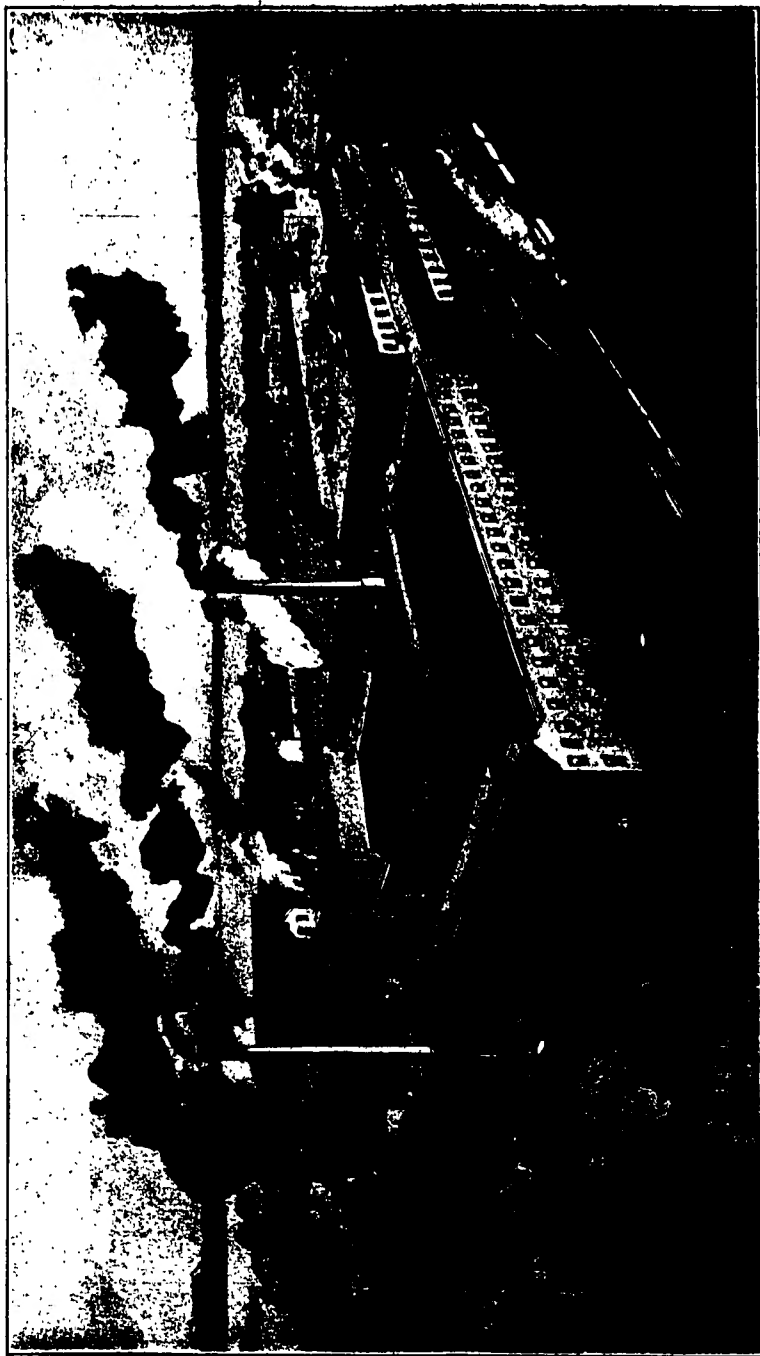
Brantford Works of MASSEY-HARRIS CO., Limited.



This splendid Plant is used exclusively for the manufacture of "Bain" Wagons and Sleighs.



*Verity Plow Plant in Brantford, Ontario.
There is no better-equipped Plow Factory in the world.*



Works of SAWYER & MASSEY CO., Limited, Hamilton, Ontario.
Threshers, Engines and Road Machinery.

MASSEY-HARRIS



THE
HISTORICAL
CARTOON

